
POEMS

AND

Translations, &c.

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POEMS



Translations, Oc.

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

By Several Hands.

To which is Added,

The Hospital of Fools;

A DIALOGUE;

By the Late WILLIAM WALSH, Efq;

Dulces ante omnia Musa. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for J. PEMBERTON, at the Buck and Sun against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. MDCC XIV.

CLY A

TRANSLATIONS



The Ladpest CONST

A DIALOGUES

By the Late Withhiam Walsh, Min

Dukers ente omnis Miglio Ving

LONDON:

Printed for J. Pamer avon at the Luckertell ! Sea against Se. Drogens's Church in Flest-fil Prest MDOCKIVE



Wire However, I flower my felf, their aidhio Right Honourable wanned

Thomas Holles Pelham.

Lord PELHAM of Larghton. mirable Writings, and Others by their Wife, Frichlid, and Happy Diffcharge of

leveral of the most important Offices of My LORD,



H O' I durst not have prefum'd to offer any Thing of my own to your Lordship, yet I am embolden'd by the Merit of the following Colle-

the State.

ction, to make a Present of it to You; for Whom every Good Englishman cannot

ij DEDICATION.

but have the most Profound. Veneration and Esteem.

The Times we Live in, are indeed too Bufy and Difficult, for Men to take much Delight in the Productions of Fancy and Wit. However, I flatter my felf, these Poems will be acceptable to Your Lordship, not only for their own Sakes, but for the Sake of the Authors; who were Men of the Best Sense, and True Lovers of their Country; in whose Service, Some of them have distinguished themselves by their Admirable Writings, and Others by their Wise, Faithful, and Happy Discharge of several of the most Important Offices of the State.

This Homage, My Lord, is due to Such of them as are Dead. As for the Living, their Works speak for Them, and will, in some Measure, excuse my Pre-

tor Whom every Good Englishman catalog

DEDICATION iij

Prefumption in Offering them to Your Lordhip of Andau quilbral Cover and Roman, found Leiture, in the

Your Zeal in the Caule of Liberty, for the Preservation of the Constitution, the Security of the Government, and the Succession to it in the most Illustrious House of HANOVER, have made You as many Friends, as there are Friends to Our Country. But the we are never to forget the Duty we owe It; yet there are certain Periods of Life, wherein All our Time is not to be spent in Business; but a Part of it may very reasonably be given to Wit, Mirth, and Joy; especially by Perfons of Your Lordship's Youth, Gaiety, and Fortune. If of these Happy Hours, You can spare One to this Miscellany, I hope it will not be that in which You will find the Least Satisfaction. diw noY gnibasho

in the World can be more abfurd, than to have flave flecourfe to Flattery, in a saffight, where, it A. Life only were truly represented, there would be so much becurv and Luftre.

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The Greatest Men of Antiquity, both Greeks and Romans, found Leisure, in the most Arduous Junctures of those Commonwealths, not only to Read, but to Write some of those Excellent Compositions, which Your Lordship, with equal Pleasure and Judgment, makes your frequent Entertainment: It can never therefore be unseasonable, to divert You with the Writings of those Men, whose Characters Your Lordship is well acquainted with. And I doubt not, You will be of the Opinion of the Best Judges, whom I have consulted, that their Poetry does not at all Lessen them.

If I did not detest whatever has a Look of Adulation, I should however avoid offending You with it. Because Nothing in the World can be more absurd, than to have Recourse to Flattery, in a Draught, where, if the Life only were truly represented, there would be so much Beauty and Lustre.

I need

make, for Speaking to You of Your Self:

Lordship's Reputation, at the Expence of that of Others. There are many of your Noble Countrymen, who, like Your Lordship, are Brave, Generous, Learned, Gallant, Polite; but perhaps not many who adorn those Shining Qualities by so unaffected an Affability, and a continual Endeavour to accommodate Your Self more to the Merit of Others, than to shew the Genuine Superiority of Your Own. This cannot but endear You to all Mankind, and make them wish You the Undisturb'd Possession of that Great Fortune, which You know so well how to Employ.

There is a Charm in an Easy Greatness, which of it self would attone for
the Want of other Bright Endowments:
But when, as in Your Lordship, it is only a Grace to Nobility and Wit, 'tis impossible to See, and not to Admire it; and
to Admire, and not to Praise. And this
Impossibility, is the best Excuse I have to
make,

DEDICATION.

make, for Speaking to You of Your Self; A Subject, that no body but Your Lordship can ever be tir'd with.

Noble Countrymen, who, his I cour Lordhip, are Brave, Generous, Learned,

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with all possible Respect,) who adom those blishing Qualities by to

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T. Oldmixon.



Bookfeller.



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Some Particularities of Several Poems, and

HE greatest Pleasure I take in Publishing the following Poems, is, that, not being my own, I can talk freely of them: The I would not be thought, in what I have to offer, to give Directions to the World, for the Judgment they are to make of what is presented to them. The Names of the Authors, I presume, will be a sufficient Recommendation of them: And the Honour I had to be acquainted with Some of them, who are dead, will go a great way

to

The PREFACE.

to warrant their Postbumous Pieces to be Genuine. Besides which; there is nothing here, which may not be seen in the Hand-writing of these Authors; if the Scrupulous Curiosity of any Persons should excite them to examine my Bookseller.

Occasion has been taken to mention fome Particularities of several Poems, and those that wrote them, by way of Introduction to them; which will shorten mine, and the Reader's Trouble, in this Preface.

I have been so much oblig'd by my Friends in this Work, that I have been forc'd to omit several Excellent Poems. If this Collection answers the Expectations of the World, which I hope it will more than do, another Opportunity may give them further Satisfa-

It has been some Time at the Press; and, for want of Leisure to attend it, could not appear before: Which is said, to prevent its being

23.

The RREFACE.

being thought, that it is intended in any wife as a Sort of Competition with Others.

I know but of one Poem that has crept into it, which I would have had kept still in Manuscript. Tis a very little One, and will be easily slipt over in so great a Number of Others that seem intended for the Press; which certainly that never was. This much was due to fusice, considering the Company it is in.

I have heard it observed by a Man of distinguished Quality and Merit, that III Poets make better Verses now, than Good Ones did Fifty Years ago. Versification was so highly improved by Mr. Dryden, and has been of late so well studyed, that one may expect it even from those from whom we expect little else. But if there were nothing more in these Poems, they should not have appeared in this Manner. If there was not Genius, and Spirit in some of them, Nature and Delicaty in Others, Wit and Pleasantry in those of the Humourous Kind, and Poetry in them

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The PREFACE.

bave been a sufficient Warrant to publish them in so Nice an Age.

A very Good Friend of mine gave me the Poems written by Mr. Hughes: A Present I could not but be fond of; the Few Pieces which that Gentleman has published having always been acceptable to the Publick. The Translation from Lucan is by the same Hand; and I am informed he has done the whole Tenth Book, with which, if it could have been procured, I should have been very glad to have adorned this Miscellany.

I ought not to omit mentioning a Fragment of Tyrtæus, which is in this Collection, since I do not remember ever to have seen any Thing of that Author translated before. His Story is so remarkable, that it may be proper to inform those Readers who are not acquainted with it, That he was General of the Spartans, in their War with the Messenians, and is said by his Martial Songs to have animated the

The PREFACE.

the Courage of the Soldiers, and by that, as well as by his Conduct and Personal Bravery, to have led them on to Victory. He is mention'd by Sir William Temple, and by my Lord Roscommon, as an Example of the wonderful Force of the Ancient Poetry.

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the Courage of the Soldiers, and by that, as well as he his Conduct and Perforal Bravery, is because the them on to Victory. He is mensional by Sir William Temple, and by my Lord Portropolis, as an Example of the common of the Ancient Poetry.

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THE CONTENTS

A This washe the Three Eastern Mags, adoring our Sawas at his Mativity, guided by a New Star to the Elect of bus Birth. By a Lody, Pag. 54. A Second Mynn.

As Friffly to Chinenes HARR.

. 38

sea Lough's from Rolamond to Henry. By the Same,

CONTENTS.

the Hoppy's Feifes on Lady M By Arthur

AWIST to the New Year, 1700

The Salisbury Ballad, by Dr. Pope, Pag. 1.

Horace, Ode 2. By Arthur Maynwaring, Esq; 25.

A Pindarick Ode, inscrib'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 30.

Epilogue, written by A. Maynwaring, Esq; and spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, 40.

Prologue, 44.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato, 47.

On Mr. Bays's Dramatick Pieces. By N. Rowe, Esq; 50.

An Epigram, in Answer to a Libel call'd The City Critick; written against the Author, by Dr. Dr.-e.

By Mr. O-----n, 51.

[a]

The CONTENTS.

A Hymn on the Three Eastern Magi adoring our Sa- wour at his Nativity, guided by a New Star to the Place of his Birth. By a Lady, Pag. 54.
A Pastorel, in Imitation of Drayton's Second Nym-phal. By the Same, 58.
An Epistle from Rosamond to Henry. By the Same, 68.
An Epistle to Climene By Mr. R. 75.
The Caprice. By the Same, 81.
A Wish to the New Year, 1709, 85.
Colin's Complaint. By N. Rowe, Esq. 88.
To a Lady, with the Tragedy of Cato. 91.
A Dialogue between Toppy and Hoppy. Occasion d
by Hoppy's Verses on Lady M r. By Arthur
Maynwaring, Efq;
A Fable of the Beatts Sick of the Plague. By the
Late Earl of Godolphin, Ad Viudalia 4 14 97.
Prologue. By Dr. Garth,
Dialogue between Surly and Beau. By a Person of
Quality,
To the Honourable Mrs. Juliana Allington, 105.
To Mr. S, upon his being Marry'd fo young. 107.
Mart. Epigr. Liber amicorum, &c Inscrib'd to the Lord Buckhurst,
Song. Written for the Late Duke of Glocefler's
Birth-Day,
The Wandring Beauty, 112.
An Ode in Praise of Musick, perform'd at Stationers-
Hall, 1703. By Mr. Hughes, 114.

The CONTENTS

Sathe

54· m-58. 68. 75. 81. 85. 88. 91.

93. the 97. 01. 05. 05.

og. er's

10.

ers-

Four

Four Cantata's after the Italian Ma	nner. By the
Same Hand,	Pag. 123.
Somet	134.
The Triumph of Love,	35.
To the Lady Monthermer, on the Birth	of her Son, 139.
An Epithalamium on the Marriage of	Palladius and
Celerina, O. A. va	143.
A Thought in a Garden. Written in	the Tear 1704.
	152.
The Birth of the Rofe. From the French	h. By the Same
Hand, Som No Va	155.
Epilogue at the Queen's Theatre, Feb.	16. 1710. By
the Same,	162
	f an Ode in Ca-
firmire. By the Same Hand,	10 10 10 164.
	10 der 66.
Barn-Elms, was Contract and mining when	169.
On the Friendship of Phoebe and Al	teria; and the
Sickness of the former,	1 10 20 100 1712
Song, South as Contral Standooc. Igo.	
	178.
Beauty, and Musick,	most (179 179.
	180.
Pfalm XCVII. in Paraphrastick Verse	. By Mr. S. 185.
Horace, Book I. Ode 29. Translated	by Mr. W. Dun-
comb,	191.
French Epigram. Translated by the S	
A Description of a Summer-Night in	the Country. By
Mr. Needler,	194.

A Pa-

The CONTENTS.T

A Paraphrase on Prov. VIII. beginning at Ver. 10.
By the Same Hand, Pag. 196.
By the Same Hand, To Sir Richard Blackmore, on his Poem entitled Crea-
tion. By Mr. Ridout, Son I And 199.
Advice to Verrio, the Painter, 10010 205.
Horace, Lib. 2. Ode 12. To Mecanas, 208.
A Receipt to make a Cuckold. By Mr. Pope, 19 201.
To Sir Humphry Mackworth, on the Mines late of
Sir Carbery Price. By Mr. Yalden, H. M 212.
An Ode, in Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third
Book of Horace. By Mr. Prior, 225.
In Imitation of Chaucer's Stile. By the Same Hand, 244,
Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of
-Homer's Iliads with the Leviler of the spar 245.
The Battel of Perseus and Phineus: From the Fifth
Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, 246.
To a Beautiful Lady, playing on the Organ, 201265.
To the Memory of Mr. Milton. By Mr. Hughes, 266.
The Praises of Heroick Virtue. From the Fragments
of Tyrtæus. Inscrib'd to General Stanhope. By
the Same Hand, booglahal sive 3267.
The Description of the River Nile; from the Tenth
Book of Lucan's Pharsalia. By the Same Hand, 270.
Asculapius; or, The Hospital of Fools. By the late
William Walth, Elg; 11 . os alo

ERRATA.

P. 233. The Latin at the Bottom of the Page, should be placed under the next Stanzas.

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Salisbury Ballad:

WITH

CURIOUS, LEARNED,

AND

Critical NOTES,

BY

Dr. WALTER POPE.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDGGXIII

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Saladay Ballada

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DEWALTER POPE

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDGGXIII.

Advertisement.

THE following Poem was given me in MS. by my Worthy Friend Anthony Henley, Esq; who us'd to call it his Favorite, for the Humour and Simplicity of it, and its Delicate Raillery on the Dutch Commentators. I think indeed, his Judgment was as right in that, as it was in every thing else relating to Poetry and Criticism.

This Ballad was written by the Famous Dr. Walter Pope, Author of the Old Man's Wish, who liv'd with Dr. Ward, then Bishop of Salisbury, and had a Pension from him of 1001. a Year. Mr. Henley told me, there was but One Copy of it taken from his MS. and it never was made Publick till now.

B 2

THE

Advertisement

mass to following Form some given THE IN INS. IN 1814 IN OUTEN riend Anchony Flenley, Bit who die coll it his Lavorice, for the amount and Signativetry of it, and its breate Poiltery on the Duceh Colsestators. I think is deed, his fudethe course parties is that, as it cours 1120 1 0 3 1 1 (16 NO 78) 1 11209 This callad con conintens by the chour Dr. Walter Cope, Melent old Man's Wing swho lived with S. Ward, then Libert of Salisher! Look to wind were from of 100 L

thick of more.



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Then correction a H T

Salisbury Ballad.

WITH THE

LEARNED COMMENTARIES of a Friend to the Author's Memory.

The first part.

I.



Sal'sbury People give Ear to my Song,
And Attention unto my new Ditty,
For it is in the Praise of your River
[Avon,

Of your Bishop, your Church, and your City.

B 3

II. And

II.

And you Mayor and Aldermen all on a Row,
Who govern that a watered Mead,
First b listen a while upon your c Tiptoe,
Then carry this Home and d read,

III.

Therein you may find many an Excellent Lore,
That unto your Wives you may teach;
Tho perhaps once and more, our Poet may foar
Clear out of your Worships Reach.

To the Ballad-Singers. In a Posture of Attention.

4 Here the Poet is in a good Humour, and supposes that all of them can read.

I find now I prais'd the Poet too foon; for this is an Impudent and Unmannerly Supposition, and I approve it not; tho' it is some

thing mollify'd by those Words, Perbaps, and Your Worships.

^{*} The City of New-Sarum, built in the Bishop's Meadow.

An Old Word frequent in Spencer, and (if we may join the best English Poet with the worst Rhimers in the World) in Sternhold and Hopkins, Thy Law and eke thy Lore: And I should cite the Places, but that such Quotations would look strangely on the Margin of a Ballad. It signifies Lesson, or Dostrine. Vid. Skinner's Lexicon.

IV.

Join with your old Friend the River,

To inspire my Muse, and assist my Quill

In the Great Things I have to deliver.

V.

School-Mistresses sine, to the Number of h Nine, I I'll call on no Muses but You;

Nor no other Help, to enter my Whelp,

Unless it be k bouncing Pru.

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Ballad.

fome-

This feems Heathenish, to pray to Hills, Parks, and Rivers; but 'tis no more than other Poets invoking Parnassas and Helicon: Nevertheless I believe the Poet was a good Christian; for if you read to the End of this Part, you will find the Bishop was very much in his Favour.

h Not but that there are a greater Number of School-Miftreffes in the Close; but the Poet hath need of no more of them than there were Muses.

i My young barking Muse, Ma Muse nourrie en Satire Boi.

^{*} That Word fignifies fat, or dancing.

A Diminutive from *Prudence*; and seems to be put here for any Woman at large, only to compleat the Rhyme, it being a Name suitable enough; for most Women are wise, if not cunning. I confess, some who pretend to have been intimately acquainted with the Poet in his Life-time, are very positive that this Name did not only point out a particular Woman, but even the Poet's Mistress: But I cannot agree to this; for had it been so, he would have given her a more Honourable Epithet.

VI.

Encourage You m Ten the most timorous Pen

That e're such a Task did begin;

When you find any Wit, then in my Mouth spit,

And chuck me under the Chin.

VII.

I will not forget those "Stones that are set

In a Round upon Sal'sbury Plains;

Tho' who brought them there 'tis hard to declare,

The 'Romans, the Britons, or Danes.

e.IIIVes Hills, Parks, and Rivers;

Nor those pretty Sheep, whom greater p Beasts keep,
Nor you Bustards that stalk thereby;
You Bustards that chuse to doze like my Muse,
Who walks, because she can't sty.

P Shepherds.

m The Nine School-Mistreffes, and this bouncing Pru.

n Stonehenge, the Noblest Piece of Antiquiry in England.

o Here the Poet briefly sums the several Opinions of Historians and Antiquarians, concerning the Founders of Stonehenge.

IX.

Nor 9 You that know all the Diseases of Eyes,
And for all a sure Remedy find;
Who alone give Light, after Twenty Years Night,
To those who are born 5 Stone-blind.

X.

th twints for the bib bod

Nor You, the Good Bishop, that came from the

And spar'd neither Pains nor Cost,

To build up the v House, pull'd down by v Prick[Louse,

And fit it for such an Host.

eep,

s and

Nor

⁹ Dr. Peter Turberville, the best Oculist of this Age, or any before

The Daughter of George Turberville, of Whitminster in Gloucesterbire; and one Pewerel of Salisbury, and divers others.

It you can have Patience till you come to the XIXth Stanza of the Second Part, you will know what this Bishop's Name is.

Exeter.

The Bishop's Palace in Salisbury.

One Vanling, a London-Taylor, who bought it of the Sacrilegious Rebels.

XI.

Twas You that let in y St. Burien Streams,

To increase the small z River a Ex;

Twas You brought again the b Lost Badge and [Chain,

And did it to c Sarum annex.

y This, I suppose, is one of those Places our Poet threatens the Aldermen with in the IIId Stanza; but I will not let him be obscure: He means the Deanry of St. Burien, near the Land's-End in Cornwal, procur'd to be annex'd to the Bishoprick of Exeter, (by this Bishop, before his Translation) upon the Death of Dr. Wykes, which happen'd in the Time of Dr. Sparrow, the present Bishop who now enjoys it.

* A River for Sea, not without a Conceit.

The Name of the River upon which Exeter stands, put figuratively for the City to increase the small River Ex, He to augment the poor

Bishoprick of Exeter.

b The Enfigns of the Chancellorship of the Garter, (a Medal, and a Gold Chain) we are said to lose, what we have been Possessor of The First Chancellor of the Garter was Beauchamp, A. D. 1450. And that Honour was enjoy'd by his Successor, the Bishops of Salisbury, till the Time of Cardinal Campegio; who having incurr'd the Displeature of King Henry VIII. for Differing from Him about the Match, retir'd to Rame, and there died, A. D. 1539, and lies buried in Santa Maria Trassevere; that Office having continu'd in the Bishops of Salisbury 89 Years.

c Since which time it has been in Lay-Hands; till it pleas'd King Cherles II. (upon the Humble Petition and Claim of the present Bishop of Salisbury) to restore it to him, and his Successors. The Lettersatents bear Date, Nov. 25. 1671. So that it was out of that See

Pa2 Years.

XII.

You first made the Sal'sbury Men d understand,

Their River might e eas'ly be taught

To bear Ships up and down, and Enrich the Town,

And You were the first at it wrought.

XIII.

'Twas You that kept up the Citizens g Hearts,

Or the h Giants had over born them;

For them You did i ride, for them You k reply'd;

'Twas You brought their Vessels to harnham.

fredition as drough as fellers?

d Bear ir into their Heads.

e For a very few Thousand Pounds. So Honack, speaking of a River,

And in another place.

Multa mole docendus Aprico parcere Campo

On the 20th of Officer 1675. By a good Token, 'twas the very Day and Hour Northampton was burning.

⁸ At the Meeting of Commissioners for Making the River Navigable, at Salisbury, March 22. 1675.

h Divers Great Gentlemen of Hampshire. The Poet alludes to Bea-

I To London, to the King and Council.

k Answer'd the Objections of the Opposers.

Harnham-Bridge, where the Key is. i. c. They owe the making their River Navigable to your Management.

Poems upon several Occasions.

XIV.

m But when will this paltry Poet begin. And shew us a Touch of his Art?

Lawre Afort Philleritands

"With a Cup of Old Sack he'll wind up his 'Jack, And P twang it in the Second Part.

- m This is suppos'd to be objected by the unattentive and irreverent Reader, as if the Poet had done nothing all this while.
- " The Poet's mild Answer. It should have been a Glass of Clarer, if the Rhyme would have permitted.
 - · His Engine wherewith he makes Verses. So CHAUCER:
 - As Winding up makes a Jack go,

war on a swar and a libera

- So good Wine makes good Verses flow.
- P Twang is a very Emphatical Word, but not easily translated : It fignifies as much as éclatter in French, or rimbombar in Italian.

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The Second Part

To the Same Tune.

Spore at the Gary , with the greats th

LD Sarum was built on a dry barren Hill,
A great many Years ago,
Twas a Roman Town of Strength and Renown,
As its stately Ruins show.

And cold had his pitcous Tale,

Therein was a Castle for Men of Arms,

And a Cloyster for Men of the Gown;

There were Friars and Monks, and b Liars and C Punks.

Tho' not any whose Names are d come down.

Wide infra Stanza XVII. From their Hill, where there was neither Well nor Spring.

b Tradefmen.

[«] Harlots.

d This refers to Punks; hone Celebrated in History, as Thais, Mef-

III.

The Soldier and Church-Men did not long agree, For the furly Men with the E Hilt on.

Made f Sport at the Gate, with the Priests that Came glate

From 5 Shriving the Nuns of Welton.

A great many Years ago,

Twas a Roman Town officength and Renown.

Whereupon Bishop Poor went to the k King. And told him his piteous Tale,

That rather than abide such a Thorn in his Side, He'd build a New Church in the Valentinia

And a Cloyfier for Men of the Cown

bite Hile for Sword, by a known Figure. 270117 STOW STOW

By asking of them Roguish Questions.

8 After the Watch was set.

b From doing their daily Drudgery.

This Whereupon is a very comprehensive Word, and yet seems more than it is. One would think the Poet here makes a Leap, from the Foundation of Old Sarum by the Romans, to Bishop Poor's Time. Tis only from Hormar, the First Bishop of Salisbury, A. D. 1082, to Richard Poor, the Seventh, 1217. This Whereupon, therefore, is as much as to say, After 134 Years suffering the Affrons of the Garison, their Patience was worn out; Flesh and Blood could endure no longer; but Bishop Poor being a stout Man, went to the King.

King Henry III.

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VII.

V.

I'll build a New Church in the Vale, said he,

If your Highness will give me m Scope:

Who, I, said the King? n I'll not do such a Thing

Without our Old Father the Pope.

VI.

Then I'll go to that 'Whore, reply'd Bishop Poor,
With a Purse full of old Gold;
For why should I beg, and make a low Leg,
Where every thing is to be sold?

According to the Stile of those Times.

m Leave.

Where note, That King had no mind to incur the Pope's Displeafure. In those Days he was a terrible Fellow in England.

This is a very hard Place; why Bilhop Poor, being a Papilt, should call the Pope Whore. Some think the Bilhop spoke it prophetically; knowing that in the succeeding Times of Calvin and the Presbyterians, he should be proved to be the Whore——. Others, more acutely, think this might be Pope Joan; but this Ingenious Solution is against Chronology: For Pope Joan (if ever there was such a one) was in the Year 853; 374 Years before Bilhop Poor. The best Reason, in my Opinion, is taken out of the Context, the last Verse of this Stanza, Where every thing is to be sold: Rome is a Whore, because it does Kindnesses for Money only, not for Love; which is the very Definition of a Whore.

12 Poems upon Jeveral Occasions:

VII.

He went, he prevail'd, he return'd in a Trice, Il'il

To remove p Sarum-stones, and 9 St. Ofmund's Bones,
And to build a New Church where he pleas'd:

VIII.

To the Abbels of Wilton he shewed his Bull,

And how much he was in the Pope's Grace;

And they two consulted their Bellies full,

Yet they could not agree of a Place.

P The Walls of the City and Cathedral.

A Proverbial Phrase us'd for Rhyme-sake a For I cannot believe what some of the Wicked hint, that the Poet had any waggish Meaning here.

One

One

The

To h

Go bi

Wh

ind:

This St. Ofmund was the Second Bishop of Old Saram. He was also Earl of Dorfer, and Lord Chancellor of England. He died 1099; and was removed with great Pomp to New Saram; where he lies buried in the Middle of our Lady-Chapel, under a black Marble-stone; bearing only this Inscription, Anno MXCIX. He was Sainted by Pope Colintus, Anno 1456. The Process and Charge thereof, may be seen in Salisbury Monuments.

IX.

One time as the Prelate lay on his Down-Bed, Recruiting his Spirits with Rest, There appear'd, as 'tis said, a Beautiful' Maid, With her own dear Babe at her Breast.

X

In him thus she spoke, (the Day was scarce broke, And his Eyes yet to Slumber did yield)

So build me a Church without any Delay,

Go build it in Merry-field.

Who that Maid and Babe were, the Learned and Devout under-

XI.

He awakes and he rings; up ran Monks and Friars
At the Sound of his little Bell;
I must know, said he, where Merry-field is;
But the Devil-a-bit could they tell.

XII.

Full early he arose on a Morning grey,

To meditate, and to walk,

And by Chance overheard a Soldier on the Guard,

As he thus to his Fellow did talk.

XIII.

I will lay on the fide of my good Yewen Bow,
That I shoot clean over the Corn,
As far as that Cow in Merry-field,
Which grazes under the Thorn.

XIV. Then

XIV.

Then the Bishop cry'd out, Where is Merry-field?

For his Mind was still on his Vow:

The Soldier reply'd, by the River-side,

Where you see that Brindle-Cow.

XV.

Upon this he declared his pious Intent,

And about the Indulgences ran,

And brought in bad People to build a good Steeple,

And thus the Cathedral began.

XVI. The

n

respondences are a Sort of Roman Coin the Popes use to give to Pious Uses; as Building of Churches, Maintaining Rebellion against Protestant Princes, &c. To which sometimes they add dead Bodies Promises and Hopes. So one of their own Poets;

Le Cose de la guerra andavan zoppa

[·] I bolognosi richiedean danari,

Al Papa ed egli respondeva coppe Emandava indulgenze per gli Altari.

XVI.

The principal Stones, in a fortunate 'Hour For the Pope, King, and some of the Peers, Were laid by 'Pandulfo's Legantine Power,

And 'twas finish'd in 'Thirty Years.

XVII. Then

Part eran Ghibelline e favorite da l'Imperio

· Aleman per suo interesse

' Eran Guelse econ la Chiesa unire

' Che le pascea di speme e di promesse. C. 1.

Which last Verses may be thus translated in our Author's Stile and Measure;

* The Ghibellines. '* They held that the Emperor was in the Right; '† The Guelfs. '† Those, that the Pope's Cause was Good:

*They that were for the Pope, were fed with thin \$\$ Chips of the Cross. And Pardons, and Pieces of \$\$ Wood. [Hope,

Thus the Pope having promis'd Twenty five Thousand Crowns a Month towards Carrying on the Rebellion in Ireland, paid them in this Coin; and sent by the Irish Ambassadors (the Bishop of Fern, and Sir Nicholas Plunkes). Anno 1647. from Rome, Two dead Bodies; which, for ought any one knew, might have been Heathens, instead of ready Money. Not that the Cathedral began by the Steeple; but Steeple is put here for Church, by the same Figure as, before, Hilt for Samuel.

v In an Hour found out according to the Rules of Aftrology, by the Will. Elly's of those Times. Of this they took more Care; be-

XVII.

Then then the Men of Old Sarum came down

From their Hill where there was neither ^z Well [nor Spring,

That they might have a Mill, and Water at a will,

And hear the sweet b Fishes sing.

cause the Church built before by Bishop Osmund, was sounded in an Ill Hour: In an Ill Hour, I say; for the Steeple was burnt down by Lightning, the Day after 'twas sinish'd. Vide Godwin. The Five sirst Stones were laid by Pandulso, the Pope's Legate: The First for the Pope, the Second for the King, the Two next for the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, the Fifth for the Bishop.

* Signifies no more than Pandulfo himself; as by such a one's Lordship, or Worship, we mean their Persons. But this Expression is more Ancient and Poetical, being often used in Homer;

*Ispn is Teremakoro, &c.

y And cost but Forty Thousand Marks. Vide the Account in Salisbury Muniments, upon this Excellent Pile. See also the Verses of Daniel Rogers, in Godwin, and Cambden's Britannia, which begin thus:

Mira cano, &c.

2 In the first Verse of this Part, he calls it a dry, barren Hill.

At Hand for all Conveniences; as Washing of Dishes, Drowning

of Children, &c.

b This is another Place wherein the Poet intended to walk incogniso; but I'll pull off his Masque. Noble Citizens, he means Frogs. Arifophanes thought so well of their Voices, that he makes them sustain the Part of the Chorus in one of his Comedies. The Words of their Song are, Brineners, make, make, the Meaning thereof, and the Tune, I consess my self ignorant of.

C 3

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But if I proceed, as I once had decreed,

And c foolishly undertook,

To let my d Vein run I shall never have done;

And instead of a Song make a Book.

XIX.

O pardon me, pardon me, Bishop Ward,

For putting thy Name in my Song;

For I am alas! but a filly Bard,

And my Verses cannot live long.

e Here the Poet chides himself for his Fool-hardy Undertaking in

d Poetical.

Now I am out of your Debr, for what I promis'd in my Com-

f A Welch Poet,

XX.

Tho' fometimes a lucky Ballad may hit,

And in Spite of Time's Iron g Fangs,

Out-live greater Volumes stufft fuller of Wit,

And conceiv'd with more Labour and Pangs.

XXI.

But if I was Owner of Virgil's Trump,

And Horace's well-tuned h Lyre,

I'd wear them out to the very i Stump,

But I'd make thy great Name to aspire.

E Teeth.

h An obsolere Word fignifying a Welch Harp.

Here the Poet shews his good Inclination towards the Bishop.

XXII.

Then answer'd my Muse, with a scornful Smile,

Leave off such fond Thoughts, k poor Heart;

'Tis Fancy and Skill, not Love and Good-Will,

Must sit thee for such a Part.

XXIII.

I'll make it the Care of the Ages to come,
When thou shalt be dead and rotten,
To publish his Fame, and Embalm his Name,
That it shall never be 1 forgotten.

How familiarly and obligingly the Muse speaks to the Poet.

^{1 &#}x27;-Sopra'te non haura possa

Quel dura Eterno ineccitabil fonno

^{&#}x27; D' havert chiusa in Cosi poca fossa

Se tanto i versi miei pro metter ponno.

XXIV.

While m Lovers shall languish betwixt Hopes and [Fears,

With a Visage pale, "blue and forlorn,

And all the World round any Wife may be found,

Whose o dear Husband drinks in a P Horn.

m A Poetical Description of a long time.

n This feems to be taken out of HORACE;

Et tinctus viola pallor amantium.

I hope the Ghost of a Ballad-Maker will not be offended with me for this Discovery: I am sure the best French Poet now living, reputes it an Honour that it was said of him.

N'est qu'un gueux revestu des depouilles d' Horace.

• The Poet does not think it strange, if Women who have their Husbands, should let them drink in Horns.

P The Meaning of this is, that Bishop's Name shall not be forgotten, till all the World over, all Loving Wives shall be so rich, as to be able to provide their Husbands Cups of more precious Matter than Horn; and there shall be found no Horn in any Loving Wives Houses.

XXV. While

XXV.

While the River Avon runs down to the Sea,

And Grass grows on Sal'sbury Rlain;

While 4 Englishmen dance to the Musick of France,

And Tradesmen mind nothing but Gain.

- 4 While the English follow the French Fashions. This Sort of Defcription is frequent, both in Ancient and Modern Poets. So VIR-
 - Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ.

So OVID; Tenedos dum stabit & Ida, 5 Dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas, &c.

So the Italian THEOCRITUS;

- ' Mentre per questi monti
- Andran le fere errando, E gli alti pini hauran pungenti foglie
- Mentre li vivi fonti
- Correran mormorando
- · Nel alto mari, che con amor gli accoglie, 🚱 ..

And in another place,

- Mentre ferpente in dumi
- Saranno, e pesci în fiumi
- Ne fol vivrai, ne la mia stanca lingua In Mille altre sampogne, e Mille versi.

But, in my Opinion, these are too General; whereas those of our Poet are Particular, and Satyrical, and therefore more commendable.

XXVI.

But it is not for fuch weak 'Shoulders as thine
To undergo fuch a 'Care;
For that I design a Poet 'Divine,
'Wind thou up thy Song with a Prayer.

Alluding to that of HORACE,

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recufent;

And that of VIRGIL,

Non tali auxilio, & defensoribus iftis:

- of Eternizing the Bishop's Name.
- As if the thou'd fay with HORACE,
 - ——Quibus ingenium est, Et mens divinior, asque os Magna sonaturum; Dabo nominis hujus honorem.
- Mark how precise the Muse is, in Observing old Customs.

XXVII.

She said, I x obey'd. The Queen and the King God bless, and their Brother James,

And y Old Christ-Church Haven, and New Sarum's [Avon,

And make it as good as the Thames

ं राज्यात हो होते एक संस्था है

Massa Pastgroups Date Roment

Latin, In terram nil, now terni.

^{*} The Poet's ready Obedience is remarkable: She said; I obey'd: Distum, fastum. It is a sign his Pegasus was well manag'd, that he stops so short in his full Career.

Y Christ-Church is a very ancient Town, call'd by the Romans Alauni, by the Saxons, Twinambourn, because it lies betwixt two Rivers.

HORACE, Ode 2.

By Arthur Maynwaring, Esq;

I.

Too long his flaming Arm has Lightning thrown,
And struck our blasted Temples down,
To terrify this Guilty Town.

II.

Such Floods of Water have appear'd, The World a Second Deluge fear'd;

Like

26 Poems upon several Occasions.

Like that when Proteus drove his Scaly Flocks,

To look for Safety on the Rocks:

When caught in Trees, where Birds no longer [fung.

Expiring Shoals of Fishes hung;
And ev'ry Creature of the Plain
At once was swimming in the dreadful Mains

ÌIİ.

And Monuments of Kings o'rethrow;

Nor ev'n from Numa's Fane retire,

Nor fear to quench Dread Vesta's Fire:

When mov'd by Tears which Ilia shed,

(Ilia, his Wife, who mourn'd our Monarch dead,

When Casar, her Great Offspring, bled;)

Back from the Tuscan Shore his Waves he drove,

With Passion greater than a Husband's Love;

And

And took too much Revenge on Rome, Referv'd by Jove for his superior Doom.

. W. Salden

i la tiniciami le limitano esta

Next We are punished with a Civil War,

For which We Fatal Arms prepare:

Those Arms that shou'd have bravely kill'd
The Haughty Persians in some Foreign Field,

Fought Battels here; and in succeeding Times
Our Youth will hear, astonished at our Crimes,

That Roman Armies Romans slew;

Our Youth, alas! will then be few.

V.

What God's Protection shall our People crays,
The falling State of Rome to save?
What moving Song shall Holy Maids prepare,
To soften Vesta's unrelenting Ear?

28 Poems upon several Occasions.

To whom will fove the Pow'r convey,
To expiate our Guilt away?

O Phæbus, hear our Loud Complaints at last,
And to support this Empire haste,
With Clouds around thy glitt'ring Shoulders cast.

VI.

Or You, Fair Cyprian Queen, descend;
You, whom Love and Joy attend:
Or Thou, O Mars, whose only Pleasures are
The Pomp of Arms, and the shrill Noise of War;
To whom no Look so charming shows,
As the stern Frown of Soldiers, or their Foes;
On thy neglected Race, look down,
And spare our Blood, descended from thy own:
For sure our long, unnatural Fights
Give thee a Surfeit of thy own Delights.

O VIE SIND O

Or if 'tis You, Bright Hermes, that appear
Form'd in the Shape of Young Augustus here,
Pleas'd to be call'd th' Avenger of our Guilt,
For Cæsar's Blood with Horror spilt;
Late may You go to Heav'n again,
And long o're Romans Happy reign:
Nor, at our Crimes offended, fly
Too soon from hence to bless your Native Sky.
Here rather still great Triumphs love;
Here your Just Titles still approve;
Be still call'd Prince and Father of our Land,
Nor let our Foes insult, while You our Troops com-

D

la vain accompts to rife

A Pin-

A Pindarick O D E,

Inscrib'd to His GRACE

place's to the call'd the Acade or or col Guile. THE Locial Molecular

DUKE of Marlborough.

Hen in Meridian Glory bright You shine with more Illustrious Rays,

ellor, se dir Chines de auted. Di

Above the Muse's weaker Flight,

Above the Poet's Praise;

In vain the Goddess mounts her Native Skies,

In vain attempts to rife;

In vain She strives to do her Hero Right,

Lost in Excess of Day, and boundless Tracks of Light. See Eritam's Fiero with wholestemies files,

The Theban Swan, with daring Wings, And Force impetuous foars on high, Above the Clouds fublimely fings, Above the Reach of mortal Eye: But what, alas! would Pindar do, Were his bold Muse to sing of You and but Can Chromius Strength be nam'd with your's? Can Mimiok Fights, and Sportive War, With Schellemberg's Demolish'd Tow'rs. Or Blenheim's Bloody Field compare? The Bard would blush at Theron's Speed, When Marlb rough mounts the firy Steed; And the Despairing Foe's pursu'd Thro' Towns, and Provinces subdu'd. Fond Poet! spare thy empty Boast! In vain thy Chariots raise so great a Dust :

32 Poems upon several Occasions.

See Britain's Hero with whole Armies flies, To execute his Vast Designs,

To pass the Scheld, to force the Lines,

Swift as the smoking Carr to win th' Olympick
[Prize.

ry Historia Perdasa Hyre

But now, when with diminish'd Light,
And Beams more tolerably bright,
With Less of Grandeur and Surprize,
Mild, You descend to mortal Eyes:
Your Setting Glories charm us more
Than all your Dazzling Pomp before;
Your Worth is better understood,
The Hero more distinctly view'd,
Glad, we behold Him not so Great, as Good.
Time Virtue's amiable Face
Improves, when shaded by Disgrace.
A Lively Sense of Conscious Worth
Calls all her hidden Beauties forth;

Darts thro' the Gloom a Lovely Ray,

And, by her own intrinsick Light, creates a No[bler Day.

bidite dierais

H. and to imball of

Let fickle Chance, with Partial Hands, divide Her Gaudy Pomp, her Tinfel Pride : Who, to her Knaves and Fools Supplies Those Favours, which the Brave despite! The Great Man's Soul on its own Centre stands, Above the Reach of Fate; the World commands. Let Faction raise the Saucy Crowd, And call her Multitude to Arms, Let Envy's Vipers his aloud, And rouze all Hell with Dire Alarms, Go shake the Rocks, and bid the Hills remove, Yet still the Hero's Mind shall be Unchangeable, Refolv'd, and Free, Fix'd on its Basis, firm as the Throne of Jove.

D 3

Hail,

at a the cloom a Lovely Ray.

Hail, Glorious Prince! 'tis not for Thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable Fame
No Diminution can receive,
Thou, Mighty Man! art still the Same;
Thy Purer Gold eludes the Flame.
Thy Fi'ry Tryal makes thy Virtues shine,
And Persecution crowns thy Brows with Rays Di[vine.

But what alas! shall Fainting Europe do?

How stand the Shock of her impetuous Foe?

What Successor shall bear the Weight

Of all our Cares, and prop the State,

Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,

O best deserving Chief! and therefore best be-[lov'd?

Arching public Resolvid, and Free,

or .iv. on its Baffs, then as the Theore of Jove

TIII.

To your own Blenheim's Blissful Seat,

From this Ungrateful World retreat;

A Gift unequal to that Hero's Worth,

Who, from the Peaceful Thames, led our Bold Bri[tons forth,

To free the Danube and the Rhine;
Who, by the Thunder of his Arms,
Shook the proud Rhosne with loud Alarms,
And rais'd a Tempest in the trembling Seine.

After the long Fatigues of War,
Repose your Envy'd Virtues here:
Enjoy (my Lord!) the sweet Repast
Of all your Glorious Toils;
A Pleasure which shall ever last;
The mighty Comfort that proceeds
From the Just Sense of Virtuous Deeds;
Content with Endless Fame, contemn the meaner
[Spoils.

36 Poems upon several Occasions.

Pomona calls, and Pan invites

To Rural Pleasures, Chaste Delights;

The Birds that mourn on ev'ry Bough,

Reserve their joyful Notes for You;

The Fountains murmur at your Stay,

And gently chide their Lord's Delay;

The Orange, and the Citron-Grove,

Will by your Hands alone improve,

Wou'd fain their Gaudy Liv'ries wear,

And wait your Presence to revive the Year.

IV.

In this Elyfum more than bleft,

Laugh at the Vulgar's fenfeless Hate,

The Politician's Sly Deceit,

The Fawning Knaves, the Proud Ingrate.

Revolve in your Capacious Breast

The various, unforeseen Events,

And unexpected Accidents,

That change the flatt'ring Scene, and overturn the [Great.

Frail

Mate-

Frail are our Hopes, and short the Date Of Grandeur's Transitory State; Corinthian Brass shall melt away, And Parian Marble shall decay. The Vast Colossus that on either Shore Exalting stood, is now no more; Arts, and Artificers shall die, And in one common Ruin lye. Behold your own Majestick Palace rife, In Haste to emulate the Skies; The Gilded Globes, the Pointed Spires, See the Proud Dome's Ambitious Height! Emblems of Power, and Pompous State, Above the Clouds aspire: Yet Vulcan's Spite, or angry fove, May foon its Tow'ring Pride reprove, Its Painted Glories foon efface, Divide the Pond'rous Roof, and shake the Solid Base.

10

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il

First an our Hoors, and hors the Date

Material Structures must submit to Fate;
But Virtue, which alone is truly Great,
Virtue, like yours (my Lord) shall be
Secure of Immortality.

Nor Foreign Force, nor Factions Rage,
Nor Envy, nor Devouring Age,
Your Lasting Glory shall impair;
Time shall Mysterious Truths declare,
And Works of Darkness shall disclose;
This Blessing is reserved for You,
Toutlive the Trophies to your Merit due,
And Malice of your Foes.

If Glorious Actions in a Glorious Cause,
And Valour negligent of Praise,
Deserving, yet Retiring from Applause,
In Gen'rous Minds can Great Ideas raise;

If Europe Sav'd, and Liberty restor'd,

By Steady Conduct, and a Prosprous Sword,

Can claim in Free-born Souls a Just Esteem;

Britain's Victorious Chief shall be

Rever'd by late Posterity,

The Hero's Pattern, and the Poet's Theme.

WE Ricts of the W. Say

Cos Post leave perfeaded see to like

Make my Devoins, and is the Convertigit

What to had littlender and we begin with

Derl relow't to fay; and relove rop

And are what he Who drawn

EPI-

Europe and disperty reflored.

EPILOGUE

Written by A. Maynwaring, Esq;

Victorious Chief fall b

e Heret Cottern send the Pose's Theme.

AND

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

TE Riots of the Pit, who view this Glass,
And are what he (before his Taming)
was;

Reflect; Reform; Go to your sev'ral Houses,

And from this very Moment—love your Spoules.

Our Poet here persuaded me to stop,

Make my Devoirs, and let the Curtain drop:

But I resolv'd to stay; and tell ye too

What to Bad Husbands, had we Pow'r, we'd do.

Cou'd

for the fire The Took to Suller a Dix Ne-

Cou'd we a Parliament of Women call,

We'd Vote such Statutes as shou'd Tame ye all.

First, We'd resolve that all those Marry'd Fellows

Shou'd Banishment endure, who durst be Jealous:

For tho' that Curs'd Disease proceeds from Love's

[Soft Passion,

Nothing shou'd be a Crime in Us, but Demon[stration.

Next, That those Dull, Uncomfortable Wights,
Who sleep all Morning, and who sot at Nights,
Shou'd find, when they reel home, with Surfeits
[cloy'd,
Their tender Wives with better Friends employ'd.

Lastly, The Man that breaks the Marriage-[Vow, (If any such in this Good House you know)

a'd

For

42 Poems upon several Occasions.

For the first Time shou'd suffer a Divorce;

Adieu those tempting Words,—for better and for [worse:

for the that Cars'd Directe proceeds from Love's

But hold, -What makes me impotently rant?

The Ladies shou'd be Free again to Wed, And the False Men be naturally Dead.

The Will we have—but oh! the Pow'r we want:

And you, Vile Husbands, when these Threats you hear,

Will only grow worse Tyrants than you were.

Yet have a care—for tho we cannot make

Laws for Mankind, we can their Orders break.

The War, 'tis said, is drawing to an End;

And not one Woman then can want a Friend.

The Brave will all to this Dear Town repair;

And they were always Guardians of the Fair;

By Faithful Service to their Country done,

Our Sex's Favour they have fairly won;

And

And may they still have this Propitious Doom, Conquest Abroad, and Just Returns at Home.

These are our Wishes—And if any here
The Glorious Character of Soldiers bear,
I hope their Favour to this Play they'll show,
And pay our Poet what to us they owe.

Takky Fine Bointels ands for Pisching sum

Mat I on, whole Heads are for High Rid All first

atter varying Lagrous would indeed be finally way you was to diship, in every Choice, to diship

and a Wonder you from Business differences

word work on are you are you have

wolls a gittle of Fine to Line wallow.

When now, or what to I sould at the the Louise

d

And rany of confide boye this Propinious Doom, and

PROLOGUE.

Thefe are only Will a -And if any here

Mong the Wonders of our Times, this Night Favour to this Play they II show Seems not the least, in this so fair a Sight; That fuch Good Company shou'd find the Leisure To lay Fine Politicks aside for Pleasure: That You, whose Heads are for High Projects fit, Shou'd quit Cabal, and stoop so low as Wit. This varying Humour wou'd indeed be strange Were you less giv'n, in ev'ry Choice, to change. What Wonder you from Bus'ness disengage, And some loose Hours are lavish'd on the Stage: For were you wiser than you are, you know The very Wife a Time to Laugh allow. Whom now, or what to Laugh at, is the Doubt; The Marks of Vice and Folly oft wear out,

They

They lose their Names; and thus the Scene's per-[plext;

S

it

hey

A lest This Season is not so the Next. If, like New Faces, our New Plays cou'd gain ye; How eafy wou'd it be to Entertain ye? But there's this mighty Diff'rence in the Cafe, You only like, because 'tis New, a Face. New Plays besides must have a Thousand Graces: And yet they surfeit you as soon as Faces. If for Three Nights we can your Favours fix, 'Tis well—A Play becomes a Wife in Six : So Cold, so Careless you to Us appear, Your Pictures please ye ev'ry where but here: For 'tis your Selves that to our Poets fit; You still find Fools, if they can find the Wit. The Whimsie, as it hits, is more or less; 'Tis fometimes Song and Shew, and fometimes Dress:

To-day 'tis Love and Wine, To-morrow Play; But to all these we've nothing now to say.

E

The

46 Poems upon several Occasions.

The Hounds may Hunt, Coquets may Jilt in [Peace,

And Sots, uncensur'd, pass what Toasts they please:

Fops may import New Fashions from Abroad, And clip, or spread their Bonnets to the Mode; We meddle not with these. Our Satyr falls On fuch alone as Sin within the Walls. The Bearskin Merchants are the Men we rally, And leave good Covent-Garden for Change-Alley; Where Sober Cit to bite his Bubbles comes. And gets by Paper, and false News, his Plumbs. Where Widows weep, and Orphans fue in vain, The Miser thinks of Nothing but the Chain; And All is Honest, All is Fair, that's Gain : Where a Prim Face, and Holy Affectation, Palm Cheating on the Town for Reformation; Where Credit, in all Weathers, finks and rifes, And Your's are all the Blanks, and Their's the Prizes.

To Mr. ADDISON,

ONHIS

Tragedy of CATO.

Thy Happy Mule this bleefy

Or in a Sycam then

By Mr. Hughes.

Prescribing Laws among th' Elysian Throng;
Tho' Lucan's Verse, exalted by his Name,
O're Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's Fame;
The Roman Stage did ne're his Image see,
Drawn at full Length; a Task reserv'd for Thee.
By Thee we view the Finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our Ravish'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, Asserting Virtue's Cause;
His Fate renew'd, our deep Attention draws,

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To

Poems upon several Occasions.

Excites by turns our Various Hopes and Fears, And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.

On Tyber's Bank thy Thought was first inspired, 'Twas there to some Indulgent Grove retir'd, 'Rome's Ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind, Thy Happy Muse this Manly Work design'd: Or in a Dream thou saw'st Rome's Genius stand, 'And, leading Cato in his Sacred Hand, 'Point out th' Immortal Subject of thy Lays, 'And ask this Labour to record thy Praise.

'Tis done—the Hero lives, and charms our Age!
While Nobler Morals grace the British Stage.
Great Shakespear's Ghost the Solemn Strain to hear
(Methinks I see the Laurell'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o're the Scene, and, wond'ring, view
His Fav'rite Brutus rivall'd thus by You.

THAT COLD TOO. BYET

Such Roman Greatness in each Action shines, Such Roman Elequence adorns your Lines, That fure the Sybils Books this Year foretold, And in some Mystick Leaf was found enroll'd;

- " Rome, turn thy Mournful Eyes from Africk's Shore,
- " Nor in her Sands thy Cato's Tomb explore!
- "When Thrice Six Hundred Times the Circling Sun

was tembergains to white the til

Willia Last ground of the bord bard and

and to be the state of the Spice of

destrict the friends, willow the bridget

A Crew of Lucign World into our Longer,

To tuin, and collave the Freehorn Esq. is Saifer

- " His Annual Course shall thro' the Zodiack run,
- " An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
- "And ev'ry Gen'rous Briton pay a Tear,

Age!

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Such

the prevailing Paction people And to Four Volumes for his Plays seem of the

ON

earlief boil

Mr. Bays's Dramatick PIECES.

By N. Rowe, Esq;

And Partial Tyrants sway'd in either State.

Ill-natur'd Censure would be sure to damn

An Alien-Wit of Independent Fame,

While Bays grown old, and harden'd in Offence,

Was suffer'd to write on in Spite of Sense;

Back't by his Friends, th' Invader brought along

A Crew of Foreign Words into our Tongue,

To ruin and enslave the Freeborn English Song;

Still the prevailing Faction propt his Throne,

And to Four Volumes let his Plays run on.

An

de the fallers, the Other the Bills

An EPIGRAM,

In Answer to a Libel, call'd, The City Critick; Written against the Author, by Dr. Dr---e.

By Mr. O----n.

To M. Saffold expiring, the Sovereign Quack
Bequeath'd his Possessions to Case and to
[Dr-e.

To share 'em between them the Monarch thought [fit,

So Case had his Practice, and Dr--e had his [Wit.

On each Side of Paul's * Each fat up his Throne, Dispensing His Gifts, as their Father had done:

E 4

The

An

S.

Ill

ate,

^{*} The One Liv'd in Black-fryars, the Other in Friday-street.

Poems upon several Occasions.

52

The One made the Philters, the Other the Bills; The Younger made Verses, the Elder made Pills; Till Envy and Avarice tempted poor Dr-e

To encroach on his Brother, and pass for a Quack. But Case, who to lose his Advantage was loth, Grew Mighty in Wit, and excell'd him in Both; And Dr-e met the Fate which Usurpers deserve, To be damn'd as a † Wit, as a Doctor to starve.

Profile, orl

configuration of their Father and done !

The Own Libra is Elacativand, its orberta

the Alluding to a Play of his, at that Time very ill us'd by

I F the Happy Marriage of Monsieur Dacier and Mademoiselle Le Fevre, made France Famous for so Learned a Match, the Husband and Wife being the Two greatest Criticks of their Time, England might boast of a Marriage equally Happy and Extraordinary, in that of the Gentleman and Lady, who writ the Five following Poems: The Three first of them being written by the Wife, and the Two last by the Husband. 'Twould be impertinent to anticipate the Reader's Judgment, and Pleasure. He will see immediately, that they are all very Fine; and that the Alliance between their Persons, is not nearer, than that between their Genius's.

We thee, Grent Sun of God, our Zealous Vows wa

A

HYMN

On the Three Eastern Magi Adoring our Saviour at his Nativity, guided by a New Star to the Place of his Birth.

By a LADY.

Rom those Blest Regions where the Sun [displays His Blooming Light, and spreads his Earliest [Rays,

Where Fragrant Groves for Sacred Incense spring, To thee, Great Son of God, our Zealous Vows we [bring.

Hail

Hail Mighty Infant! Offspring of the Skies,

Celestial Glory lightens in thy Eyes;

Thy Smiles presage Immeasurable Grace,

And Scenes of Paradise are open'd in thy Face.

More than the Race of Men, surprizing Fair,

More Lovely than thy own Propitious Star,

When first its Chearful Lustre blest our Sight,

Grac'd with Superior Beams, and well-distinguish'd

[Light.

The Sun its Conquiring Glories met by Day,
And fac'd his Rival with a fainter Ray;
In Golden Robes amidst the Shades it blaz'd,
While Night, with all her Eyes, on the Fair Stranger
[gaz'd.

To Rich Judea still it led the way,
And how ring where th' Immortal Infant lay,
With darting Beams it gilds the Bless'd Abode,
And to our longing Eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd
[God.

Whom

Whom thus with Pure Devotion we adore. And freely offer all our Costly Store: Gold as a Tribute to the New-born King, and Incense to the God, with humble Zeal we [bring.

The Spacious East shall soon converted be, And all her Splendid Monarchs kneel to thee: The Sun, no more in Folding Clouds array'd, shall mourn the Impious Honours to his Lustre [paid,

Apis shall cease to bellow thro' the Crowd, With gilded Horns, and flow'ry Garlands proud; Panthea's Costly Gums shall smoke no more, To Gods of Monstrous Shape, on Nile's polluted Shore.

But thou shalt rise in Fame, Illustrious Child, Of all Mankind the Great Redeemer stil'd, A God in ev'ry Language known and bleft, By ev'ry bending Knee ador'd, and ev'ry Tongue confess'd. mon !!

Temples

Temples to thee with Gilded Spires shall rife,
And Clouds of Fragrant Incense shade the Skies;
In Losty Hymns, and Consecrated Verse,
Succeeding Times shall speak thy Praise, and thy
[Great Name rehearse.

And Thee, Unblemish'd Maid, divinely Fair,
Whose tender Arms th' Eternal Monarch bear,
Thrice happy Thee Posterity shall call,
Pride of thy Lovely Sex, and grac'd above them
[all.

In the district of the card formation in the

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consellent route Michael Historia va esta os estados

A PASTORAL,

In Imitation of

Drayton's 2d. NYMPHAL.

By the Same.

CLeon and Lycidas were Jolly Swains,

Their Worth distinguish'd on th' Arcadian
[Plains.

Cleon a hardy Youth, on Mountains bred,
O're craggy Rocks his browzing Goats he led;
At Rural Festivals he still appear'd
A Challenger, in every Combat sear'd:
For none like him the weighty Sledge could throw,
Or manage with more dextrous Art the Bow;
In Wrestling skill'd, and foremost in the Race,
Advent'rous still, and eager for the Chace;
Thro'

Thro' favage Woods, o're Hills, with Summits hoar, Arm'd with a Spear, he trac'd the Tusky Boar.

But Lycidas among the Nymphs was bred. The flow'ry Vales he fought, and verdant Mead. And there by curling Streams his Flocks were fed. His goodly Nature, and well-featur'd Face. Of ev'ry Shepherdess obtain'd the Grace: His flaxen Hair, in Ringlets from his Crown, Beneath his Shoulders carelessly hung down; Whene're he danc'd, Apollo's Self was feen In the proportion'd Step, and graceful Mien: He spoke so fine, so artfully he sung, None but Mirtilla could resist his Tongue: No Charms but her's his Numbers could inspire: The Nymph was fam'd a Sylvan God her Sire, Her Mother of the Naid's beauteous Race : From her She took the Sweetness of her Face. Not Venus Self could boast a Face more fair, More rofy Lips, nor more enticing Hair;

Her blooming Innocence, her lovely Eyes,
And perfect Shape did ev'ry Heart surprize;
Her Voice could ev'n a rising Torrent stay,
A hungry Lion's stercest Rage allay,
And keep the list'ning Savage from his Prey.
The Maid by gentle Lycidas was lov'd,
Nor wilder Cleon less enamour'd prov'd,
The Lovers both attend the usual Hour,
That brought Mirtilla from her fragrant Bow'r,
To breathe the balmy Morning's pleasant Air;
Where sull of warm Desires the Swains prepare,
With Songs and promis'd Gifts to gain the Fair.

LTCIDAS.

A Snowy Lamb I've bred so sull of Play,
'Twill entertain my Shepherdess all Day;
To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
From thy fair Hands alone to take its Food;
Then, to express its Joy, with many a Bound
And airy Frisk, 'twill seem to scorn the Ground.

I

T

And this, with all my future Vows, are thine,
If thou for me my Rival wilt decline.

C L E O N. SE ROVO I DOUG

Mari Virtuo for Green wheel her

My Proffers now, and artless Language hear,
And turn from his smooth Tales thy listining Ear;
For I can boast a Kid more white than Milk,
And softer far than the Siberian Silk:
Whene're you walk, 'twill walk as gently by;
And at your Feet, whene're you sit, 'twill lye.
If o're the Plains you run with nimble Pace,
'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the Race.
And this, bright Maid, I frankly offer Thee,
To quit my Rival, and to live with Me.

MIRTILLA.

Have you indeed such valu'd Things in Store,
And never boasted of your Wealth before?

noxod in eviry common The Your

62 Poems upon several Occasions.

Your Offers, Gentle Youths, I own most fair; And such a Kid and Lamb are wond'rous rare. What Virtue so severe, what Maid so vain, Such Lovers and such Presents to disdain! Yet Minx, my Dog, I dare a Wager lay, As many Tricks as both of them shall play.

LTCIDAS.

But I Two Sparrows will on Thee bestow,
Their Plumes unsoil'd, and white as falling Snow.

Venus her felf had warm'd them in her Breast,
Had her unlucky Son but found the Nest.

The sprightly Birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy Hand;

Wanton, among thy curling Locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy Bosom sleep.

CLEON.

Fair Nymph, his boasted Sparrows do not mind, As good in ev'ry common Bush I'll find. But

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But

But I a Pair of am'rous Doves will bring,
With shining Plumes, and nicely chequer'd Wing;
Their changing Necks more various Colours show,
Than Iris paints on the Celestial Bow;
Should Cytherea on them cast an Eye,
The Birds she'd with her Golden Apple buy:

MIRTILLA.

With fuch fine Doves and Sparrows will you part,

Unthinking Youths, to gain a trifling Heart?

On Venus, who so well their Worth must know,

The wond'rous Birds you'd better far bestow;

Your costly Zeal the Goddess may reward,

And your soft Vows propitiously regard.

LTCIDAS.

To crown thy Temples, Garlands I'll compose of full-blown Lillies, and the budding Rose;

F 2

With

64 Poems upon several Occasions.

With those the Golden Hyacinth I'll twine,
And blushing Pinks, and Purple Vi'lets join;
Fresh Nosegays from the Fields each Day I'll bring,
Made up of all the Sweetness of the Spring.

C L. E O N.

His Wreaths and painted Nosegays will decay,
And lose their proudest Beauty in a Day.
But I've a Gist, which all his Trisses mocks;
As tow'rds the Beach I lately drove my Flocks,
Three Coral-Sprigs I sound among the Rocks:
These, nicely plac'd among thy braided Hair,
As little Ornaments may serve my Fair.

MIRTILLA.

With yellow Hy'cinths, Pinks, and Vi'lets blue, In Garlands wreath'd, and painted Nosegays too, With Coral-Sprigs so deckt, and wond'rous fine, A Lady of the May I shall out-shine.

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Poems upon several Occasions.

65

But while I trim my braided Locks so gay,
And waste in Dressing Half the fleeting Day,
My Flocks, I fear, would, thus neglected, stray.

LICIDAS.

As on Alpheus Banks my Sheep were fed,
I form'd a little Barge of bending Reed,
So closely wrought, and twisted round the Sides,
That on the dancing Wave secure it rides:
In this if Thou wilt try the Silver Stream,
Another Sea-born Goddess thou shalt seem,
While Twelve white Swans, with wreathing Wood[bines ty'd,
And tassell'd Flow'rs, the floating Pomp shall

CLEON.

On yonder Hill with lofty Forests crown'd, A Nymph of bright Diana's Train I found,

THE WALLS DO TOO

F 3

18

Who

Who from her Sisters heedlessly had stray'd,
And by a brutal Satyr seiz'd, the Maid
On her chaste Goddess call'd aloud for Aid:
I to her Succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded Arrow, which the Monster slew.
On me the grateful Virgin would bestow
Her painted Quiver, and her polish'd Bow.
The Bow and gilded Shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worthy of Diana's Hand.
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the Woods shalt

And feem another Goddess of the Grove.

Had and MIRTILLA.

Thro' favage Woods to hunt wild Beasts with [thee,

To Love must needs a mighty Motive be;
But I the dang'rous Pleasure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a Goddess of the Grove;

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Nor less I sear to try the promis'd Boat,
And venture on the dancing Waves to float.

I've no Ambition o're the Floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by Swans with wreathing Woodbines
[ty'd.

Rather secure thro' peaceful Vales I'd stray,

And watch my Flocks in humble Shades all Day.

But if a tender Thought could warm my Breast,

In Two such worthy Lovers I were blest,

Whose Merits with such equal Claims appear,

That 'twere Injustice Either to prefer:

While Both rejected, Both must be content;

And, treated thus, you've nothing to repent,

But that, like Me, an Hour you've idly spent.

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equal Years, beings a me in road lawys

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An EPISTLE

to Bengan Cara

FROM

Rosamond to Henry. note Shades all Day

By the Same.

Ead o're these Lines, the Records of my Shame. If thou canst suffer yet my hateful Name. Clean as this spotless Page, till stain'd by me, Such was my Conscience, till seduc'd by thee; Chafte were my Thoughts, and all ferene within, Till mark'd by thee with Characters of Sin. Had some successful Lover, in the Prime Of equal Years, betray'd me to the Crime,

Resist-

Resistless Love had been my best Pretence, And gain'd Compassion for the soft Offence; But while thy wither'd Age has no fuch Charms, To tempt a blooming Virgin to thy Arms, I'm justly thought a Prostitute for Gold. A mercenary Thing to fordid Interest fold. Be curs'd that Female Fiend, whose practis'd Art With wanton Tales seduc'd my guiltless Heart; Let Her with endless Infamy be curst. Of all the Agents Hell employs, the worst: Perdition to her self the Wretch affur'd, When She my youthful Modesty allur'd. Oh fatal Day! when, to my Virtue's Wrong, I fondly listen'd to her flatt'ring Tongue: But oh more fatal Moment! when She gain'd That vile Consent, which all my Glory stain'd. Yet Heav'n can tell, with what extreme Regret. The Fury of thy Lawless Flames I met:

For, unexperienc'd in the Ways of Sin, A Conscious Honour struggl'd still within. Oh! could I, but the Ill tim'd Wish is vain; Could I my former Innocence regain ; Thy proffer'd Kingdom, Henry, were a Prize, Which, ballanc'd with that Wealth, I would despife. But I no more my Sex's Pride can boaft : Alas! what has one Moment's Madness cost ? Not Woodstock's charming Bow'rs can ease my Grief, For I must fly my self, to find Relief. Oft while the Sun in length'ning Shades declines. And thro' the waving Trees more mildly shines. Alone thro' all the beauteous Walks I rove. And hope the Sweets of Solitude to prove. But at my Sight each verdant Prospect wears A gloomy View, and ev'ry Plant appears To bend its Top, o'recharg'd with dewy Tears.

Methinks

Methinks each painted Blossom hangs its Head, Avoids my Touch, and withers where I tread. If Angling near a Crystal Brook I stand, And with deluding Skill the Bait command, The cautious Fish, that fly the Snare, upbraid My heedless Youth, more easily betray'd. Amidst the Garden, wrought by curious Hands, A Noble Statue of Diana stands; Naked She stands, with just Proportions grac'd, And Bathing in a Silver Fountain's plac'd; When near the flow'ry Borders I advance, At me She feems to dart an angry Glance, What Scenes, alas! can please a guilty Mind? What Joy can Lin these Recesses find, For lawless and forbidden Love design'd? In some obscure and melancholy Cell, Rather a weeping Penitent I'd dwell, Than here a Glorious Prostitute remain. To all my Sex's Modesty a Stain.

This

Poems upon several Occasions.

This Stately Lab'rinth, rais'd with vast Expence, Displays my Shame in its Magnificence: As thro' the splendid Rooms I lately walk'd, And with my Woman of its Paintings talk'd, She fpy'd the Draught of Tarquin's And heedless ask'd the injur'd Beauty's Name; This, I reply'd, is that Illustrious Dame, Renown'd for Chastity, I should have faid; But here a rifing Blush my Face o'respread. Confus'd I stopt, and left th' enquiring Maid. Lucretia's Story on my Life had cast A black Reproach, who yet can live difgrac'd. I should like her, with just Resentment press'd, Have plung'd the fatal Dagger in my Breast, By this Heroick Deed my Fame had been rehalf Malitication which are beauty

What specious Colours can disguise my Sin,
Or still the restless Monitor within?
Thy Greatness, Henry, but augments my Shame,
And adds immortal Scandal to my Name;
My odious Name, which, as the worst Dis[grace,

The Cliffords cancel from their Noble Race.

To what propitious Refuge shall I run,

The Terrors of a guilty Mind to shun?

In vain the Sun its Morning Pride displays;

I turn my Eyes, and sicken at its Rays.

The Silver Moon, and Sparkling Stars by Night,

Torment me too with their officious Light:

The glimm'ring Tapers round my Chambers [plac'd,

Across the Room santastick Shadows cast.

Of all my Dreams the melancholy Scene

Presents an injur'd and revengeful Queen.

74 Poems upon Several Occasions.

Last Night, when Sleep my heavy Eyes had clos'd, To all her Rage methought I stood expos'd;
Wild were her Looks; a poison'd Cup She brought,
And proudly offers me the fatal Draught:
The destin'd Bowl I took with trembling Hands,
Compell'd to execute her fierce Commands:
This dismal Omen aggravates my Fears,
Before my Fancy still the furious Queen appears.

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The Two following Poems are taken from the French of Mademoiselle des Houliers.

An Epistle to CLIMENE.

By Mr. R-----

STill must we mourn your Absence? still com[plain,
And court you from your sad Retreat in vain?
When teeming Earth with fruitful Moisture sed,
Brings forth new Flow'rs, to deck the Paths you
[tread;

When each returning Morn shines doubly bright,
And each cool Ev'ning brings a charming Night,
The Country-Shades may yield a soft Delight.
But when o're all the savage Winter reigns,
Makes bare the Groves, and desolates the Plains;
When

When Nature's Face is chang'd, and ev'ry Day Snatches some poor, decaying Charm away, 'Tis downright Madness, Climene, to stay. What new, unheard-of Pleasures can you find? What strange Delights, to entertain your Mind? Or do Important Reasons force your Will, And to the gloomy Scene confine you still? I guess the mighty Cause: You fear to prove, In this vile Town, the dreadful Thing call'd Love. The little Tyrant reigns amidst the Sport, The Smiles and Pleasures of the Town and Courts Nor only there : Him ev'n the Wilds obey, And Country-Defarts own his awful Sway. In vain to Woods and Solitudes we fly, In vain the City change for purer Sky; More dang'rous ev'n than Courts the Shades may prove,

And with more Ease admit th' Invader, Love. Wild was the Place, and savage all around, Where fair Angelica young Meder sound.

Severe

Severe the Dame, and grave, and sternly coy;
Amorous, and soft, and tender was the Boy.
You know the rest—Then haste from your Abodes,
Leave the weak Shelter of the Fields and Woods:
Oh! come, and in a Thousand Breasts inspire
Successless Rage, and unavailing Fire.
Nor dread th' Effects of all their treach'rous Arts,
Their boasted Stratagems to conquer Hearts:
Unless the Fates assist, their moving Tale
Will never o're your native Cold prevail.
To prove this true, believe the Tale I tell;
Not Oracles more Sacred Truths reveal.

As wand'ring pensive thro' the silent Groves,

I meditate my Sorrows and my Loves;

Daphnis, the Terror of our Woods, I view;

A mightier Name Love's Empire never knew:

None e're so well an haughty Breast cou'd tame,

Or warm to Fires unknown the coldest Dame.

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Prostrate

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78 Poems upon several Occasions.

Prostrate before an heedless Fair he lies,
Sheds fruitless Tears, and wastes a Thousand Sighs;
Then Love and Sorrow pleading in his Look,
Thus to the Cruel Nymph the Charmer spoke.

How long, my Fair, will you your Fate delay?

Still will you idly waste the precious Day,

And in Indisference loiter Life away?

Hear always with Contempt my tender Theme,

Despise Love's Pleasures, and his Pow'r blaspheme?

Ah! no: The Joys my Passion courts in vain,

Another Shepherd with more Ease will gain;

His happier Flame will your sierce Pride remove,

Subdue your stubborn Heart, and melt it all to [Love.]

All Nature owns the God: In Barb'rous Plains,
Where Half the Year is Night, and Cold Eternal
[reigns,

The frozen Race is warm'd to fost Desires, And seels in ev'ry Vein the Genial Fires.

FroAtaca

However distant, the dread Hour must come, Which all your fading Beauties will refume: Then, in a just Revenge, th' offended Boy May give his Suff'rings, and withhold his Joy; Send a fresh Warmth, as ev'ry Charm decays, And wild Defires you want the Pow'r to raise. Ah! Nymph, the Horror of this Fate prevent, Appeale the angry God, and yet in time repent. Let tasteless Age th' Extatick Bliss despise, Grow coldly grave, and stoically wife; Do you, my Fair, while blooming Youth invites To warmer Sentiments, and gay Delights, Your Scorn and dull Indiff'rence dispossest, Receive the gentle Tyrant to your Breast; Reward a constant Flame, and yield to prove The mighty Transports of a mutual Love. No other folid Bleffings Mortals know, Nor Heav'n can on its Fav'rites more bestow, To give a Taste of its own Joys below.

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He ceas'd—The Neighb'ring Eccho's caught the [Sound,

The little Birds sung tender Notes around;
The list'ning Waves in gentle Murmurs move,
And ev'ry balmy Zephyr whisper'd Love;
Yet her cold Heart in Silence heard his Pain;
When the Heart's silent, all Things speak in vain.

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By the Same.

Charming Retreat, the pensive Iris stray'd;
Iris, a Name to distant Nations known,
By her sam'd Verses, Beauties and her own.
Heedless She rov'd; for nor the murm'ring Sound
Of the smooth Waves, nor Flow'rs that deckt the
[Ground,
Nor the Birds tender Songs could charm the Fair,
Or ease her gloomy Thoughts and melancholy
[Care.

At last She cries, Fond Love, I own no more Thy awful Tyranny, and boasted Pow'r;

G 3

No

No more thro' thee tumultuous Fears arise, Sighs from my Breast, and Torrents from my Eyes: A Native Coldness reigns in ev'ry Part, And all is calm and quiet in my Heart. But ah! how poorly I that Calmness taste, Forc'd to regret ev'n all my Suff'rings past. Alas! th'unwary Soul but little knows, That wishes for the Blessings of Repose. In the fad State of Idleness and Ease, When Nothing busies, Nothing too can please. The treach'rous Tyrant, Love, less faintly charms, Sweet are his Ills, and pleasing all his Harms: The Mind each Moment to Delights improves; For all is Pleasure to an Heart that loves. In what a tedious Round of Griefs he lives, That wretched his own Tenderness survives! Can one that ever felt an am'rous Pain, Unloving Life's vexatious Load fustain?

Lose ev'ry ling'ring Hour, and waste away

In dull, unactive Indolence, the Day?

Ah! no: Return, fost God; resume thy Reign,

Bring with thee all thy Fires, to kindle mine again:

Alas! thou wilt not come; and all my Calls are [vain.

Cruel! Thou cam'st an uninvited Guest,

And made's, unfought, a Passage to my Breast:

Now thou can'ft all my Pray'rs and Vows despise,

And form to gain a weak, inglorious Prize.

I ask not for the Transports those possess,

Whom thou, with smiling Fates, and mutual Loves [dost bless.

The Barb'rous, Charming Youth that rul'd my [Heart,

Has taught me all thy Rigor, and thy Smart;
Heedless of mine, in other Flames he burns,

And Hate, or worse Indisference returns.

The Joy of being Lov'd, I ne're can prove;

I ask no other now, but that of Love.

Have not my Fears, and my Alarms been vain? How am I fure that I have broke my Chain ? Don't I. while I defire, already feel the Pain? What shall I do? What Method take, to find The true Condition of my floating Mind? See, while I speak, the dear Ungrateful come! His Presence clears my Doubts, and fixes all my

I view the Lovely Swain; his Sight inspires Soft melting Thoughts, and raging fierce Defires And all my Soul conceives the well-known Fires. Welcome, ye boundless Griefs, and racking Pains! Welcome, ye ne're to be forgotten Chains! Amidst Confusion, Horror and Despair, Studious I'll feed the dear distracting Care, And thank thee, Gracious Love, that well hast [heard my Pray'r.]

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AWish to the New Year. 1705.

Not found at common lis in vain,

Since all that's past no Vows can e're restore,
But Joys and Griess alike, once hurry'd o're,
No longer now deserve a Smile or Tear;
Close the fantastick Scenes—but grace
With brightest Aspects thy Foresace,
While Time's new Offspring hastens to appear.
With lucky Omens guide the coming Hours,
Command the Circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated Dance,
With flowing Pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friend[ly Pow'rs.

Love rejested add . II to its Welght,

Thy Month, O Janus! gave me first to know

A Mortal's trifling Cares below;

My Race of Life began with thee.

Thus far, from great Misfortunes free,

G 5

Con

Contented, I my Lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid Laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common Ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wife Reflection cure.

at loys and Griefs afile Hence hurry dere,

longer now deferve a Smile of Tear

Since all that's pall no Vows can e're reflore

But oh!—more anxious for the Year to come,
I wou'd foreknow my future Doom,
Then tell me, Janus, can'st thou spy
Events that yet in Embrio lie,
For me, in Time's mysterious Womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A Thousand Accidents severe;
I'll fortify my Soul the Load to bear,
If Love rejected add not to its Weight,
To finish me in Woes, and crush me down with Fate.

Colle

A Mertal's triffing Cares below;

aug ... Vt uce of Life began with thee.

My

An

IV.

Complaint

But if the Goddes, in whose charming Eyes,

More clearly written than in Fate's dark Book,

My Joy, my Grief, my All of future Fortune lies,

If She must with a less propitious Look

Forbid my humble Sacrifice,

Or blast me with a killing Frown;

If, Janus, this thou seest in Store,

Cut short my mortal Thread, and now

Take back the Gift thou did'st bestow!

Here let me lay my Burden down,

And cease to love in vain, and be a Wretch no more.

Ren mourafully murauring by

Thus fadly complicing, he cry'd;

When first I behold that Fair I ace, ?

Ales filly Swain that Lwas

COLIN's Complaint.

But if the Anddelly implied channing B

By N. Rowe, Efq;

A Shepherd for sken was laid,
And while a false Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow supported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas filly Swain that I was!

Thus fadly complaining, he cry'd;

When first I beheld that Fair Face,

'Twere better by far I had dy'd.

She talk'd, and I bles'd the Dear Tongue;
When She smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd when She sung, and ry'd when She sung, an

How foolish I was to believe was gove back. She cou'd doat on so lowly a Clown; odd Or that her fond Heart wou'd not grieve, We To forsake the Fine Folk of the Town! To think that a Beauty so Gay, and odd So Kind and so Constant wou'd prove, and To go clad like our Maidens in Grey, and Or live in a Cottage on Love.

What the I have Skill to complain, and The The Muses my Temples have crown'd; What the when they hear my soft Strain, The Virgins sit weeping around.

Ah

2000

90

Ah Colin I thy Hopes are in vain, had a line Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel relign; and the Thy Fair One inclines to a Swain, Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions fo Dear,
Who forrow to fee me betray'd;
Whatever I fuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false Maid.
Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Tis Her's to be false and to change,
'Tis Mine to be constant and dye.

In her Break any Pity is found, Mod and I.

Let Her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,

And see me laid low in the Ground .7

The

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H

The last humble Boon that I crave, NIORAN AI

To shade me with Cypress and Eugh To last and And when She looks down on my Grave, and the let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her New Love let her go,

And deck her in Golden Array,

Be Finest at ev'ry Fine Show,

And frolick it all the long Day:

While Colin, forgotten and gone,

No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,

Unless when beneath the pale Moon,

His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

To a Lady, with the Tragedy of C A T O.

1,

W O Shining Maids this Happy Work dif-[plays; ach moves our Rapture, both divide our Praise;

92

In MARCIA, we her Godlike Father trace;
While LUCIA triumphs with each Softer Grace.
One strikes with Awe, and One gives chaste De. [light;

That bright as Lightning, this serene as Light.

Yet by the Muse the shadow'd Forms were wrought,

And Both are Creatures of the POET's Thought.

In Her that animates these Lines, we view
The Wonder greater, the Description true;
Hard Each living Virtue, ev'ry Grace combin'd,
And MARCIA's Worth with LUCIA's Sweetness

[join'd.

Had She been born ally'd to CATO's Name, NUMIDIA's Prince had felt a real Flame; And, pouring his reliftless Troops from far, With bolder Deeds had turn'd the doubtful War; CÆSAR had fled before his Conqu'ring Arms, And ROMAN Muses sung her Beauty's Charms.

A Dia-

00

Tops

F

T

A Dialogue between T o P P Y and Ho P P Y.

Occasion'd by HOPPT's Verses on Lady M----r.

By Arthur Maynwaring, Esq;

To squeeze out a Rhyme to M——r.

ess'd.

11a-

Thou at length hast thought fit
To shew that in Wit

H

Thou'rt

Thou'rt no more than in Judgment a Novice;

And there's Hopes that in time, A

Memorials in Rhime bas

Will be Sung by the Clerks in thy Office.

Some may fancy such Airs Are too Pert for Grey Hairs,

And that Wrinkles thy Muse may endamage;

But despair not, Old Man,

Let thy Chymes jingle on,

For Cate learn't Greek at the same Age

Since, thro Envy, my Friend,

Thy Chief Talent none mind,

On th' Unworthy no longer bestow it;

At least for a while,

Your Cares to beguile, the Poet.

Great

An

We

Норру

Bu

To

Wi

An

Great Examples allowskillim uoY [.vacat

You to clear that Stern Brow.

And fure You may follow fuch Warrants;

Plays, Novels, and Verles, of other

As well as Difcourfes, uo Y nen W

Were writ by the H s of Florence! OB Just

Then fowfe me no more Such good Friends as we Норру.] Thou young W Shou'd better agree;

When Time thall But since You are pleas'd to begin, Sir,

My old foolish Muse

Shall never refuse

To engage with the Wife Man of Windfor.

Tho' your Worship's Antique.

And vers'd in old Greek,

With the Moderns you never cou'd pass,

Till the Chancellor's Wine

Did your Genius refine,

And taught you Records thro' a Glass.

H 2

Toppy.]

Toppy.] You mistake the Thing quite, and I was sooner Polite; and on the

And have had from your Master a Summons,

To see Books, and eat hard, a see a When You were no Bard, How and

But an Indigent Lawyer in Commons. W STOW

Then fowfe me no more,

Thou young Wit at Threefcore;

When Time shall thy Poetry blast,

Great De---most henes

In my English shall please,

And my Notes on Herodotus last.

The your Worlhip's Antique,

And vers'd in old Greek,

W

Wi

All

No

With the Moderns you never could pafs, Till the Chancellor's Wine

Did your Genius refine,

AT A sind taught you Records thro's Glafs.

The Foundt to his Prey don and od T

Of the Beafts Sick of the Plague.

By the Late Earl of Godolphin.

To finisous with an enery Rod,

THAT fore Disease, that dreadful Pain,
Which by the Name of Plague we know,
Which Heav'n in Anger did invent,
With severe Purpose and Intent

To punish Crimes below;

Among the Beasts did reign:

All did not die, but all were struck;

No Comfort in their Life they took;

No Delicacy could excite

In any the least Appetite:

The

Nay, Shepherdago Indel devous

The Fox not to his Prey do's run,

The Wolf is careless to destroy,

The Turtle his Dear Mate do's shun;

No Love; by Consequence, no Joy.

King Lyon thus in Council faid, Since for our Sins Heav'n has thought good To fmite us with an angry Rod, Let the most Guilty of us fall TAH A Victim for the Good of All; Such Sacrifices, Story fays, ni nivasti don't Were always us'd in such a Case; Be therefore none of us afraid Our Consciences to disclose, And publickly our Guilt expose. For my Part, I must freely own, Mov'd by the Dictates of my Pow'r, And following my greedy Will, I many a tender Sheep did kill; What Harm, alas! had they done? None; I'm Nay, Shepherd too I did devour:

I'm ready then to Sacrifice, sledno or twelf.

My Self; but if I might advise, and bish only.

All shou'd Confess, as well as I it meal-list.

And then let the most Guilty dies along sill.

Tempred perhaps too by the Devil,

Sir, You're too Good, the Fox replies, and I Too Scrupulous a King, too Nice; board What need you such Remorfes keep, but For Eating a few senseless Sheep? I find Or Shepherd either; for I find They all are of a worthless Kind, A And many of them do presume.

O're Beasts an Empire to assume,

Without pretending the least Cause.

Thus He.—The Flatt'rers give Applause.

By this Example of the King,

Nor to the Tyger, nor the Bear,

Was there imputed the least Thing;

In short, all Beasts of Prey are clear.

This is the Pillare of a Court

100

Next, to Confess, flood forth the Ass par mil Who faid, that as he chane'd to pass,

Well-laden, thro' a Flow'ry Mead, Sworld HA

His Inclinations were to Evil, sel neds bnA

Tempted perhaps too by the Devil,

He fairly laid him down to feed,

Cropp'd sev'ral Mouthfuls of good Grass,

And this he own'd as a true As : 30 180 W

All loudly at the Fact exclaim,

And he's found Guilty of the fame.

A Wolf, who lift'ning flood near by, And Smack'ring of some Clerkship had,

Drew an Indicament prefently,

And executed the Poor Jade.

This is the Picture of a Court Govern'd by Pow'r, not by Right : Pour barmless Wretches Suffer for't, When Rulers can turn Black to White.

In thort, all Beatls of Prey we clear,

Thus He. - The Flatt'rers give Appliate.

Without

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We, like Religious Victims, are degreed noed not bluth to tremble h

By Dr. GARTHE.

Here Harmony and Conqu'ring Beauty ngist fo Flames the Veftals guard, con

The Right Divine's apparent in their Hyes.

Who can support the Pleasure or the Pain?

Here their Soft Magick those Two Syrens try;

And if we listen, or but look, we die,

Why shou'd we the Romantick Tales admire,

Of Orpheus Numbers, or Amphion's Lyre?

Of Walls erected by Harmonious Skill;

How Mountains mov'd, and Rapid Streams flood ffill?

Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess The Wonder greater, but the Fiction less.

).

We, like Religious Victims, are decreed
To Worship those Bright Altars where we Bleed.
The Bravest need not blush to tremble here;
Triumphant Love can make more Slaves than

No Faction Homage to the Fair denies;

The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.

The Empire's sure, that's founded on Desire;

Those Flames the Vestals guard, can ne're ex-

Here their Soft Magick those Two Syrens try;

had if we liften, or but look, we die.

Why should we the Romantick Tales admire,

Of Orpheus Numbers, or Amphien's Lyre?

Of mails erected by Harmonious Shaff; How Mountains mov'd, and Rapid Streams flood

Pehald this Scene of Beauty, and confeis. The Wonder greater, but the FiGion less.

D I A

DIALOGUE between Surly and Beau.

Some Rich Heir in hone

the he cannot sing one Note

Under his Left Arm a Bamboo.

By a Person of Quality.

Surly.] PRithee tell me what a Beau is,
Thou who art fo fam'd for one?

Beau.] He's a Person of great Prowess;

By these Marks he may be known.

Tho' his Eyebrows black as Jett are,

Yet his Wigg is white as Snow;

Ev'ry Hour he writes some Letter,

Or receives some Billet Doux.

Well or Ill, he briskly dances,

And his Arms are never still;

Casting about Am'rous Glances,

Such as seldom sail to kill.

Sits all Day among the Ladies,
Sees'em Paint, and sees'em Patch;
In their Eyes still looking Babies,
Some Rich Heir in hope to catch.

Some French Tune he's ever Humming,
Tho' he cannot Sing one Note;
Or with Air and Grace becoming,
Gives ill-scented Snuff about.

Under his Left Arm a Bamboo, Ribbon dangling at his Sword; Tells you all he has, or can do, And whom last he laid on Board.

Well he knows th' Intrigues of London,
Which he whifpers round the Room;
What believing Maids are undone;
Where they Lay in, and by Whom.

Surly.] If this be your Accomplish'd Beau,

He is the oddest Fool I know.

To the Honourable

lev. and keep her Person from

Mrs. Juliana Allington.

When a Gillian writes to a Gillian,
The Letter needs must be a silly on.

At Four, or later's no great matter,
(For Bumm of Boy shall keep the Benches
Secure from Rumps of other Wenches)

Burlington Boyle will be calling
For Ton whose Name begins with Alling,
If not prevented by the Duchess,
Who at this time in Favor much is.
The Widow too, whoe're will steal her,
May find her at the Double Dealer.

May Heaven protect our Cousin Chomley, and keep her Person from
Her Tarquin Lover Tipping Tom.

May Time with Scythe, and Glass with Sand fill'd,
Never hurt Lord Lionel Cranfield.

o-morow being the Day call'd Satur, sell'd Satur, when hungry Papid withes the He might eat other Food than Fishes.

Secure from Rumps of other Wenches)

Burlington Boyle will be calling

For I'm whose Name begins with Alling,

If not prevented by the Duchels, Who at this time in Favor much is. The Widow too, whoe're will fleal her, May find her at the Double Dealer.

To

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weld.

The Bird once flown, you must with Toil purfue; Tis caught with rain, and The proves Sullen too.

Upon his being Marry'd fo Young.

Hat Youth too early can Obedience yield, When Love and Beauty call him to the ! bloid ppiness can ne're arrive too Soon.

When Nature too her ready Succour lends, worth W

On which the Am'rous War's Success depends.

Love's Seasons should from Formal Rules be freed.

And Appetite prescribe the Time to Feed.

No Prudent Nymph will Early Love despite;

The Day Shines longest, that do's soonest Rife.

Our weaker Passions, like Amphytrion's Heir,

Must owe their Strength to Time, and Nursing serial privard, but of Conflicution frong,

Jove's Offspring, Love, do's those flow Methods end when late Time on his Ag'd Top shall snow

And shews a Hercules, as soon as born.

MART

The Youth that's Wife, will Seize, while in the Neit.

His Mistress Heart, and Cage it in his Breast :

The

The Bird once flown, you must with Toil pursue,
'Tis caught with Pain, and then proves Sullen too.

Love, like Religion, most inspires the Breast,
That earliest entertains the Sacred Guest.

Let Care wait Life's dull Night, or busy Noon;
But Happiness can ne're arrive too Soon.

Without Reserve, Fair Bride, thy Charms impart;
Fly; meet thy Young advancing Lover's Heart;
Devour his Kissessfor 'tis Sin to spare
The Manua, that in Gath'ring will Repair.

As Southern Breezes nurse a forward Year,

Each Kiss of thine the Blooming Youth shall

rioH a manual and a second resident second resident.

Love's Gales can do the Gen'rous Plant no Wrong,
He's forward, but of Constitution strong,
To Blossom early, and to Flourish long.
And when late Time on his Ag'd Top shall snow,
Thy Love shall then to Veneration grow;
With thankful Cheerfulness You'll Sit and Sing
His Winter o're, because You had his Spring.

Dill

MART

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MART. EPIGR.

Liber amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum, Liber in æterna vivere digne rosa, Si sapis, Astrio———

Splendeat igne focus:

Candida nigrescant vetulo chrystalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore torus.
Qui sic vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
Longior huic facta est, quam data vita suit.

BUCKHURST, thou Dear Concern of th'Hea[venly Pow'rs,

all

ar.

Immortal Roses crown thy Gentle Hours;
May Rich Persumes still scent thy Rich Attire,
And thy bright Hearth shine with Eternal Fire:
May gen'rous Wines in thy clear Crystals move;
And thy soft Bed warm with a softer Love.
Whoe're lives thus, tho'he dies young, cheats Fate;
And stretches Life beyond th' appointed Date.

ON G

Let's crown the Ericht Nativity

SAOLA NIAG.

Written for the Late Duke of Gloucester's BIRTH-DAY.

Splenday igne focus:

The God of Battels held,

And footh'd him with her tender Charms,

Victorious from the Field;

By Chance She cast a Lovely Smile,

Propitious, down to Earth,

And view'd in Britain's Happy Isle

Great Gloucester's Glorious Birth.

thy fost Bed warm with a softer Leve.

Look, Mars, She said; look down, and see
A Child of Royal Race!

Let's crown the Bright Nativity

With ev'ry Princely Grace:

Thy

Thy Heav'nly Image let him bear, And fhine a Mars below; Form You his Mind to warlike Care. I'll Softer Gifts bestow.

anial fin. 215 or hall said.

He Gracus and the wonding Loves

Thus at his Birth Two Deities Their Bleffings did impart; And Love was breath'd into his Eyes, And Glory form'd his Heart.

His Childhood makes of War a Game; Betimes his Beauty charms The Fair; who burn with equal Flame For Him, as He for Arms.

14

But fee I implored by moving Pray're,

o change the Lover's Paint

And before the Pair against

angon To based and The

The Wandring BE Au T.Y.

Form You his Mind to warlike Care,

THE Graces and the wand'ring Loves
Are fled to distant Plains,
To chuse the Fawns, or in deep Groves,
To wound admiring Swains.

With their Bright Mistress there they stray,
Who turns her Careless Eyes of had
From daily Triumphs; yet each Day
Beholds New Triumphs in her Way,
And Conquers while She Flies.

For Him; as He for Armer

But see! implor'd by moving Pray'rs,

To change the Lover's Pain,

Venus her harness'd Doves prepares,

And brings the Fair again.

Proud

Proud Mortals, who this Maid pursue,
Think you She'll e're resign?
Cease, Fools, your Wishes to renew,
Till She grows Flesh and Blood like You,
Or You like Her Divine.

Written by Mr. HUGHES.

Descende Calo, & die ave tibit

Regina lowe and Ca Fond and las L.

Sea Feet and heavy actify,

Perform' at Stationers frail, 1701.

Les fielles, Colorade Hedd

[Beets with a Chorus.

AN

A Avake Coledial Harmony!
Turn thy Vocal Sphere ground,
Goddefe of Meledious Sound.

oud

la.F

An On DE

In Praise of MUSICK.

Perform'd at Stationers-Hall, 1703.

Written by Mr. HUGHES.

Descende Cælo, & dic age tibià
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu Voce nunc mavis acutà,
Seu fidibus, Cytharave Phæbi. Hor.

[Begin with a Chorus.]

J.

Awake, Cœlestial Harmony!

Awake, Cœlestial Harmony!

Turn thy Vocal Sphere around,

Goddess of Melodious Sound.

Let

Let the Trumpet's shrill Voice,
And the Drum's thund'ring Noise,
Rouze ev'ry dull Mortal from Sorrows prosound.

Airs for drasp 1 as Zone bear,

The mighty Pow'r of Harmony!

Behold how foon its Charms can chafe,

Grief and Gloom from ev'ry Face!

How swift its Raptures fly,

And thrill thro' ev'ry Soul, and brighten ev'ry Eye!

Now let the spinhtly Piolis

Proceed; sweet Charmer of the Ear!

Proceed; and thro' the mellow Flute,

The moving Lyre,

And solitary Lute,

Melting Airs, soft Joys inspire:

Airs for drooping Hope to hear,

Melting as a Lover's Pray'r;

Joys to flatter dull Despair,

And softly sooth the Amorous Fire.

CHORUS,

Melting Airs Soft Joys inspire:

Airs for drooping Hope to bear,

Melting as a Lover's Pray'r;

Joys to flatter dull Despair,

And Softly Sooth the Amorous Fire.

How fulft its Raptures fly,

ed thrill thro' ev'ry So, innd brighten ev'ry Eye!

Now let the sprightly Violin

A louder Strain begin;

And now

Let the deep-mouth'd Organ blow,

Swell it high, and sink it low.

Hark!—how the Treble and Bass

In wanton Fage's each other chace,

And swift Divisions run their airy Race!

And foldy footh the Amerous Fire.

Just 2 12

Joys to flatter dull Despair,

Thro

Thro' all the travers'd Scale they fly, In winding Labyrinths of Harmony: By turns they rife and fall, by turns We live and [dye. Thus far extend, He faid, be this,

bacoa C H. O. R.WU S.

In winding Labyrinths of Harmony, and Thro' all the travers'd Scale they fly; By turns they rife and fall, by turns We live and dye. Was eccho'd all aroun

And now arife, Ye Forth and Seas, and Sky !

A Thousand Voices made Reply. Ye Sons of Art once more renew your Strains: In loftier Verse, and loftier Lays, Your Voices raise

To MUSICK's Praise!

A Nobler Song remains. Sing how the Great Creator-God On Wings of flaming Cherubs rode,

97

10

MILTON

To make a World; and round the Dark Abyss,

Turn'd the *Golden Compasses,

The Compasses in Fate's High Storehouse found;

Thus far extend, He said, be this,

O World, thy Measur'd Bound.

Mean while a Thousand Harps were play'd on [high;

Be this thy Measur'd Bound,
Was eccho'd all around:

And now arise, Ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!

A Thousand Voices made Reply,

Arise, Te Earth and Seas, and Sky!

Voices raise

Wines of Baming/Cherubs

What can MUSICK's Pow'r controul?

When Nature's sleeping Soul

ICK's Praise!

Th

Perceiv'd th' Enchanting Sound,
It wak'd, and shook off foul Deformity;
The mighty Melody
Nature's secret Chains unbound:

1

on h:

er-

Nature's secret Chains unbound;
And Earth arose, and Seas, and Sky.
Alost expanded Spheres were slung,
With Shining Luminaries hung;
A Vast Creation stood display'd,

By Heav'n's Inspiring MUSICK made.

CHORUS.

O wond rous Force of Harmony!

Proud Architecture fittin Ruins

Divinest Art, whose Fame shall never cease!

Thy Honour'd Voice proclaim'd the Saviour's Birth;

When Heav'n vouchsaf'd to treat with Earth,

MUSICK was Herald of the Peace:

Thy Voice cou'd best the Joyful Tidings tell;

Immortal Mercy! Boundless Love!

A God descending from Above,

To conquer Death and Hell.

Perceiv'd Hy nchanting Sound,

There yet remains an Hour of Fate,

When MUSICK must again its Charms employ;

The Trumper's Sound

Shall call the Num'rous Nations under Ground.

By Feav'n's Inspiring MUSICE madel

The Num'rous Nations strait

Appear; and some with Grief, and some with Joy
Their Final Sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other Arts shall Pass away:

Proud Architecture shall in Ruins lye,

And Painting sade and dye,

Nay Earth, and Heav'n it self, in wasteful Fire decay.

MUSICK alone, and POEST,

Triumphant o're the Flame, shall see

The World's Last Blaze.

The Tuneful Sisters shall Embrace,

And Praise and Sing, and Sing and Praise,

In never-ceasing Choirs to all Eternity.

FOUR

Af



FOUR

CANTATA'S,

OR

Poems for Musick,

After the Manner of the Italians.

By the Same Hand.



JR

FOUR

AMTERTYS,

O.R

Oems Musick,

By the Same Hand.

CANTATAI. ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE, from the Silent Grove Alexis flies,

And seeks with ev'ry pleasing Art

To ease the Pain, which Lovely Eyes

Created in his Heart.

To Shining Theatres he now repairs,

To learn Camilla's Moving Airs;

Where, thus to Musick's Pow'r, the Swain address'd [his Pray'rs.

Marick is the Roit of Love.

Charming Sounds, that sweetly languish;

Musick, O compose my Anguish!

Ev ry Passion yields to thee:

Phoebus, quickly then relieve me;

Cupid shall no more deceive me;

I'll to Sprightlier Joys be free.

I A TRECITA AD

Apollo heard the foolish Swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak t'asswage an Am'rous Pain
His own Harmonious Art had prov'd,
And all his Healing Herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
Preluding to his Moice, and Sings.

To Shining Thearres he now repairs,
To learn Caminas Hoveng Airs;

Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,

Musick is the Voice of Love.

If the Tender Maid believe thee

Noft Releating, amos O , softaM

Kind Confenting, I (1) 3

I'll to Sprightler Joys is fice.

Will alone thy Pain remove. udod?

Cupid thall no more decerve me;

CANTA-

CANTATA II.

Apollo and Daphne.

Set by Mr. GALLIAR D.

(weetly warbl'd Sounds, and murmur'd win

To cape the God's Embrace;

DAPHNE, the Beautiful, the Coy,
Along the winding Shore of Peneus flew,

To shun Love's tender, offer'd Joy;

Tho' 'twas a God that did her Charms pursue.

While thus Apollo, in a moving Strain,

Awak'd his Lyre, and foftly breath'd his Amorous

Cease, Apollo, Aprinade me ;

Fairest Mortal! Stay and hear;

Cannot Love with Mufick join'd;

Touch thy unrelenting Mind?

Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear ;

Fairest Mortal! Stay and hear.

RECIT.

II A MERCIT. WAY

The River's Ecchoing Banks with Pleasure did pro-

The fweetly warbl'd Sounds, and murmur'd with the [Song.

Daphne fled swifter, in Despair,

To 'scape the God's Embrace;

And to the Genius of the Place,

She figh'd this wond'rous Pray'r

To thun Love's tender offer'd Joy;

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!

Let some sudden Change invade me;

Fix me rooted on thy Shore.

Cease, Apollo, to persuade me;

I am Daphne now no more.

blag!

Cannot Lor.T. T. B. A. S. Can E.

Apollo wond'ring, stood to see

The Nymph transform'd into a Tree.

Vain

-

Vain were his Lyre, his Voice, his Tuneful Art,
His Passion, and his Race Divine;
Nor cou'd th' Eternal Beams that round his Temples
[shine

Melt the Cold Virgin's frozen Heart.

Set by Min In FANDEL.

Nature alone can Love inspire;

Art is vain to move Desire.

If Nature do's the Fair incline,

To their own Passion they'll resign.

Nature alone can Love inspire ; dais de

Art is vain to move Defire.

And hark, She mourns, but mourns in vain,

Her Beauteous, Lov'd Adonis, flain.

The Maids hear, and flock around; And Eccho fight, with mimick Sound,

The Filils and Woods her Enforcepions

Adori is no more.

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CANTATA HI.

Venus and Adonis.

Set by Mr. HENDEL.

Melt tim Cold Virgin's Prozen Hear

Art is valy to B A Bre.

Nature alone can Love infeire:

Behold where weeping Venus stands!

What more than Mortal Grief can move
The Bright, th' Immortal Queen of Love?

She beats her Breast, She wrings her Hands;
And hark, She mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her Beauteous, Lov'd Adonis, slain.

The Hills and Woods her Loss deplore;
The Naids hear, and flock around;
And Eccho sighs, with mimick Sound,

Adonis is no more.

Again the Goddess raves, and tears her Hair; Then vents her Grief, her Love, and her Despair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, Beauty's Treasure,
Now my Sorrow, once my Pleasure;
O return to Venus' Arms.

Venus never will for sake thee;

Let the Voice of Love o'retake thee,

And revive thy drooping Charms.

RECIT.

Thus, Queen of Beauty, as thy Poets feign,

While thou didst call the Lovely Swain;

Transform'd by Heav'nly Pow'r,

The Lovely Swain arose a Flow'r,

And smiling, grac'd the Plain.

And now he blooms, and now he sades,

Venus and gloomy Proserpine

Alternate claim his Charms Divine;

By turns restor'd to Light, by turns he seeks the

AIR.

Shades.

n

Again the Goddels haves and tears ber Haif

Transporting Joy,
Tormenting Fears,
Reviving Smiles
Succeeding Tears,
Are Cupid's various Train.

The Tyrant Boy

Prepares his Darts,

With soothing Wiles,

With cruel Arts,

And Pleasure blends with Pain.

The Loyely Swein grofe a Flowly,

Venus and gloomy Proferpine!

newoll viewest ve L'emplens i'

And now he blooms, and now he tades,

ATMAS unate claim and Charms Divine;

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CANTATA IV.

PASTORAL.

The Shepherd (ung infinity and bleight she Local

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

RECIT.

Flora's Charms they

Y Oung Strephon, by his Folded Sheep,
Sat wakeful on the Plains:

Love held his weary Eyes from Sleep,

While, filent in the Vale,

The lift'ning Nightingale

Forgot her own, to hear his Strains.

but fook, thou Ford, Deluded Swain,

And now the Beauteous Queen of Night, Unclouded and Serene,

Sheds on the Neighb'ring Sea her Silver Light;

The Neighb'ring Sea was Calm and Bright;
The Shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the Lovely
[Scene,

AIR.

While the Sky and Seas are shining,

See, my Flora's Charms they wear;

Secret Night, my Joys divining,

Pleas'd my Amorous Tale to hear;

Smiles, and softly turns her Sphere.

While the Sky and Seas are shining,

See, my Flora's Charms they wear.

RECIT.

While, filehalin the Vele,

Ah Foolish Strephon! change thy Strain; The Lovely Scene salse Joy inspires: For look, thou Fond, Deluded Swain, A Rising Storm invades the Main!

The

Flo

Ah

The Planet of the Night,
Inconstant, from thy Sight
Behind a Cloud retires.

Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:

Ah Foolish Strephon! change thy Strain.

Si je is trouve inexorable.

Hope beguiling,

Like the Moon and Ocean smiling,

Does thy easy Faith betray.

Flora ranging,

Like the Moon and Ocean changing,

More Inconstant proves than they.

No Way the Fates efford to fhun

O Z Cruel Torment I endure;

once I am doom'd to be undone

By the Difeate, or by the Cure

If She's inexerably Cov.

SON THE PLANT OR

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir

Si je la trouve favourable;

Je mourrai de trop de desir

Si je la trouve inexorable.

Ainst je ne scaurois guerir De la douleur qui me possede, Je suis assuré de perir Par le mal, ou par le Remede.

Die with too transporting Joy, and If She I love rewards my Fire;
If She's inexorably Coy,
With too much Passion I expire.

No Way the Fates afford to shun
The Cruel Torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the Disease, or by the Cure.

Why

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The Triumph of LOVE.

In Imitation of Ow t D, Amorum Lib. L. Bleg. 2.

Ell me, some God, whence do's this Change slry M diw; sevol standor with niofarite;

Why Gentle Sleep for fakes my weary Eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious Night

In Pain I lye, and watch the Springing Light

What Cruel Demon haunts my tortur'd Mind 12 12

Sure, if 'twere Love, I shou'd th' Invader find;

Unless disguis d he lurks, the Crasty Boy,

With filent Arts Ingenious to deftroy. out mobA

Alas ! 'tis fo tis fix'd the Secret Dart ; I ared I

feel the Tyrant ravaging my Heart. w soind of

The

Then, thall I yield; or th' Infant Flame oppole?

l yield!-Refistance wou'd increase my Woes:

Tor Ection bound inglorious hall pass by:

For Aruggling Slaves a sharper Doom sustain, Than such as stoop Obedient to the Chain. I own thy Pow'r, Almighty Love! I'm thine : With pinion'd Hands behold me here refign ! I ni Let this Submission then my Life obtain; Small Praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain. Gos join thy Mother's Doves; with Myrtle braid why Gentle Sleep forfaires my weary Eyes?

and llast toirand a flamish raw to boo address; sard, turning often, all the tedious Night Then Thou Triumphant thro the Shouting Throng Shalt ride, and move with Art the willing Birds gnolal if 'twere Love, I shou'd th' Invader find ; While Captive Youths and Maids, in Solemn State Adorn the Scene, and on thy Triumph wait. There I, a later Conquest of thy Bow, 211 1 281A) In Chains will follow too; and as I go, Fed leel To pitying Eyes the new-made Wound will show T Next, all that dare Love's Sov'reign Pow'r defy, In Fetters bound inglorious shall pass by:

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All shall submit to thee Th' applauding Crowd Shall lift their Hands, and fing thy Praise aloud. Soft Looks shall in thy Equipage appear of more With Am'rous Play, Mistake, and Jealous Fear. Be this thy Guard, Great Love be this thy someth thy Spoils, the Sacred Show to grace

Since these extend o're Men and Gods thy Reign; But robb'd of these, thy Pow'r is weak and vain. From Heav'n thy Mother shall the Pomp survey,

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All

And smiling, scatter fragrant Show'rs of Roses in

Whilst Thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd Pride, On Golden Wheels, all Gold thy Self, shalt ride : Thy Spreading Wings shall Richest Di'monds wear, And Gems shall sparkle in thy Lovely Hair. Thus passing by, thy Arm shall hurl around Ten Thousand Fires, Ten Thousand Hearts shall wound.

This is thy Practice, Love, and this thy Gain; From this thou can'ft not, if thou wou'dst, refrain;

Since

Since ev'n thy Presence, with Prolifick Heat,
Do's reach the Heart, and active Flames create.
From Conquer'd India, so the * Jovial God,
Drawn o're the Plains by Harnes'd Tygers, rode.
Then since, Great Love, I take a willing Place
Amidst thy Spoils, the Sacred Show to grace;
O cease to wound, and let thy Fatal Store
Of Piercing Shafts be spent on me no more.
No more, too Pow'rful in my Charmer's Eyes,
Torment a Slave, that for her Beauty dies;
Or look in Smiles from thence, and I shall be
A Slave no longer, but a God, like Thee !

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of Gems Hell fparkle in thy Lovely Heir.

Since

thus passing by, thy Arm shall hurs around

on Thousand Fires, Ten Thousand Hearts fitell

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This thy Practice Love, and his thy Gain :

on this close can'll not, if thou wou'd ft, refrain;

The diffant Profess of this wondrons A H T O T Warm'd the Wife Simple to Prophenick Rage

Lady Monthermer.

On the BIRTH of Her SON.

Rife, Maro, rife from that Delightful Shade,
By thy Blest Harmony more Happy made;
Where Bards attentive wait thy Pleasing Song,
And Aweful Hero's mingle with the Throng;
Where Silent sit around the Sacred Nine,
And Heav'n forsake, and Phabus Voice, for thine.
Rife, Maro, rife! The Changing Age behold,
And rugged Iron rip'ning into Gold.
Nor grieve to quit the Lov'd Elysian Plains;
For since, to Earth restor'd, Astraea reigns,
Britain such Realms of Lasting Peace can show,
Hero's as Great as those ador'd Below.

The

The distant Prospect of this wond'rous Age, Warm'd the Wise Sibyl to Prophetick Rage:

- "Then War, She cries, Destructive War shall [cease,
- " When Gen'rous Conquerors contend for Peace;
- "When a Fair Nymph, by an Auspicious Birth,
- "Shall bless that Parent who has calm'd the
- "And One Wife Monarch, Heav'n's Vicegerent
- "With like extensive Care protects Mankind.

 In vain from Great Augustus, Bards presage,

 In vain, from Pollio's Son, this Golden Age:

 Slowly the Mighty Period roll'd along;

 The World impatient waits the Sybil's Song.

 At length the Sacred Æra takes its Place,

 And Radiant Years set forth with CHURCHILL's

 [Race.

Begin, Great Maro, thy Sicilian Strains;
For Montague is Born, and ANNA Reigns.

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From Thee, Illustrious Child, the World Chall

The milder Influence of Indulgent Fate:

As, Glorious Actions at thy Birth appear,

To give a Lustre to the Sacred Year;

Like Great Events shall crowd Each Year to [come,

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And Prodigies shall wait thy youthful Bloom.

Till Thou, an Heir to MARLBRO's Virtue [born,

Shalt wear those Lawrels, that his Brows adorn.

Then, let the Boy be Heav'n's Peculiar Care;
Ye Guardian Pow'rs, attend the Fruitful Fair.
Thy Fragrant Treasures, Beauteous Flora, bring;
All the Rich Tribute of the Youthful Spring.
With Jessamines adorn the Genial Bed,
And gay Jonquils, and grateful Roses spread;
Let Violets around the Cradle grow,
And Beauteous Lillies shed their Living Snow.

La

Let

Perfume the Smiling Fields, and smooth the Main;
While Thames, the Watry World's acknowledg'd

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B

Gives All that Subject Streams and Seas afford.

May an Eternal Spring inhabit here;

Nor hated Winter's Hoary Head appear;

But the Gay Feather'd Choir, in ev'ry Grove,

Chant Hymns to Fair Monthermer, and to Love

halt wear those Lawrels, that his Brows adorft.

Then, let the Boy be Heavin's Peculiar Care;

Ty tragrant Treatures, Beauteous who a, things all the Rich Tribure of the Yourhiel Spring.
With Jeffendnes adorn the Genial Bed, and gay Jouquils, and grareful Rofes forend;
Let Violets around the Cradle grow,

nA Beauceous Lillies their Living Show

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n

Beneath a Spacious Oak; and, fond of Shade, Tunnaladited Howard Acoustic

On the MARRIAGE of Palladius and Celerina.

One Band the Trees, with mighty Labour climber

For Downy Neffs of Rieds

Ithin a Secret Grove, the Paphian Queen,
Extended careless on the Various Green,

Serenely flept: All Lovely Flow'rs compose
The Fragrant Bed, and round the Goddess rose.

Across the Borders of the Pleasing Glade,

The Purple Vine its ample Foliage play'd,

And hung its Ruddy Fruit: The Breezes fly.

Between the Quiv'ring Leaves, and cool the Sultry [Sky.

Th' Idalian Family, a Joyous Train,
And Chearful Graces lay upon the Plain,

L 3

Beneath a Spacious Oak; and, fond of Shade, The Sprightly Capids o're the Meadows stray'd. High in the Wind, the whiftling Boughs among, Their deadly Darts, and furnish'd Quivers hung. Some exercise in Sport, and Others pry For Downy Nefts of Birds in Hedges nigh, Or pelt the Ripen'd Apples from on High. One Band the Trees, with mighty Labour, climbs, And on the shaking Branches trust their Limbs : With Watch and Ward another kept the Grove, And made the Peeping Dryades remove; Nor let the Woodland Pow'rs approach the Scene, Or Lustful Fawns inspect the Sacred Den. While thus their fev'ral Games the Wantons ply, All fuddenly was heard a Various Cry, A Peal of Echoing Shouts; and by the Noise, It feem'd of merry Youths the sprightly Voice, In Chorus with the Lyre; and clearly round, Fair Celerina's Name the Hollow Mountains found.

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The winding Circuit of the Fields along, Palladius Name was answer'd to the Song. To Venus soon the Jovial Clamour flies, And chas'd the Slumber from her Radiant Eyes: She rais'd her Head, and fummon'd from the Groves,

The Youthful Hymen, and her wand'ring Loves; A Muse his Mother; with becoming Pride, Hymen do's o're the Marriage-Bed prefide : He ties the Bridal Knot, and He away, No Pleasing Bliss attends the Nuptial Day.

logically repeat? At length He came; for shelter'd in the Grove, The bufy Boy, in idle Pastime, strove Unequal Reeds in working Wax to bind, Then to his Lips the Past'ral Flute he join'd, And various Notes excites, with modulated Wind. But when he faw the Queen, he hush'd his Tune, And sliding dropp'd the Rural Whistle down.

0

Bright

Bright were her Eyes, the Sun, and Conscious [Shame,

Her Snowy Cheeks had kindled in a Flame.

Speechless he gaz'd; when thus the Goddess

The Silence first, and with a Smile bespoke.

Fair Offspring of the Muse, my Lovely Boy,

Do Soft Epithalamiums still employ

Thy Downy Hours, and Songs of Marriage-

What Tender Airs, amid the frying Heat,

Dost thou alone melodiously repeat?

Or dost thou scorn the Harp, and with the Flocks,

Blow the blithe Shepherd's Pipe, while Echo

With ready Voice, and answers from the Rocks?

But tell, my Child, what means this fudden Joy ?

What Bridal Pomp is fweetly paffing by 2 dw 1011.

And Midney dropp'd the Reval Whilite down.

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Can you, faid Hymen, Goddels, linger here,

When such a Bridal's Celebrating there?

A Beauteous Person, and a Prudent Mind.

Phabus, the Radiant Pow'r, whose Beams Divine On Heav'n and Earth with Chearful Glory Shine; Skill'd in the Lyre, to multiply around and emo? The Joyous Notes; and Harmony of Sound ? oT Who forms the Happy Rhyme and fully knows What Virtuous Plant, and Sov'reign Simple grows! To Raife his Worth, at once the Youth infoires. With Arts of Med'cine, and Poetick Fires, ni Had? The Lov'd Tapis, with diminish'd Praise, was y ba A Preferrid the Leech's Skill, and foorn'd the Bays. But, Capable of both, his Rifing Name boll will This Youth improves, and shares a Double Fame, While, in the Bride, thy own Delightful Grace Thou hast express'd, and Comeliness of Face;

How

How Elegant She shines! The Lovely Kind
Confess her Form: Where sweetly are com-

A Beauteous Person, and a Prudent Mind.

Since such a Couple Give their Hands to day,

"Tis impious, Queen, your Presence to delay.

Come, lead your Little Loves, I'm all on fire,

To scatter Dewy Crowns amid the Quire;

To shake my Bridal Torch, and bless the Night

With Mirth Sincere, and Fulness of Delight.

This Rural Pipe, of Rushes rudely made,

Shall in the Merry Chorus join: he said,

And Venus, rising from her fragrant Bed,

Mov'd to the Fount, and in the Cooling Streams

Her Body bathid, and wash'd her Beauteous

[Limbs]

Her flowing Locks in Curious Order ty'd, And dress'd her Heav'nly Form in utmost Pride:

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With Scatter'd Flow'rs she strew'd her Chariot,

With Scatter'd Flow'rs the Silken Meads were level of Lillies, and a Rosy Show's how's how's how's how's how's how's how's how's how sparking Boxes, fill the Room With Scent of Precious Balan; the Rich Persume

Thick Flights of Birds in Rings attend the Car,

Of ev'ry Kind, repairing from afar, all and a such as around the running River build;

And hold the Silent Woods, or Open Field ball had the Laughing Loves, who faw the Feather'd [Train, and curb'd them with the Rein, and rode them round the Skies, with Grace before their Queen.]

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ous bs:

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With

Quick, with a Shout, in merry Fight they close;
Their little Hands are elench'd for sturdy Blows;
And here and there a Fall the Wantons caught,
Then flew with better Speed to mend the Fault.

And

with Gather'd Flow'rs She Arew'd her Charlot's And now arriving at the Happy Door, From their full Caniflers the Cupids pour A Rain of Lillies, and a Rofy Show'r. Others, from Sparkling Boxes, fill the Room With Scent of Precious Balm; the Rich Perfume Was caught as dropping from the bleeding Wound Where the Cleft Bark wept Odors on the Ground. Then to the Fair a Favrite Cupid press'd, an soul And led Her bluffing from her Mother's Breaft : "A Venus receiv'd the Bride; and Imiling, firain'd 11 The Gladded Bridegroom in her other Hand, And folemnly thus ty'd the Nuptial Band. Live Happy, Both, crown'd by the Pow'rs above; Abundant be your Joys, and permanent your Love. With Soft Address, and Tenderness of Care in O Invite, my Son, and Captivate the Fair : 11 violet And thou, O Fair, receive the Marry'd Life, And Chearful yield thy Self a Virtuous Wife.

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Sun

Why in thy Eyes o'reflow the Rifing Tears?
Why heaves thy Breast? Dismiss thy bashful Fears:
With ev'ry Charm thy Face serenely dress,
And let Gay Smiles thy Secret Flame confess.
So Cytherea spoke; then call'd aloud
Two wing'd Attendants of her Circling Crowd.
The flutt'ring Boys with Costly Plumes appeared,
And dipp'd in Balm their pointed Arrows rear'd;
One to the Female's Bosom was addrest,
And t'other doom'd to pierce the Bridegroom's
[Breast:
Sounded at once the Horns, at once the Darts
Sunk in their Marrow, and transfix'd their Hearts.

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hy,

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And in a Thousand Shapes appears. Purfu'd by Lancy, how the roves.

Springs in each Plant and bloffom'd Tree,

Intoleta bus adjust on

And Charms in all I bear and fee!

In this Elyfam while Isluay,

thought Pature's Fairell Eace furvey,

With Gather'd Flow'rs She Arew'd her Charlet's And now arriving at the Happy Door, From their full Camillers the Cupids pour A Rain of Lillies, and a Rofy Show'r. Others, from Sparkling Boxes, fill the Room With Scent of Precious Balm; the Rich Perfume Was caught as dropping from the bleeding Wound Where the Cleft Back wept Odors on the Ground. Then to the Fair a Favrite Cupid press'd, san floud And led Her bluffing from her Mother's Breaft : The Venus receiv'd the Bride; and Imiling, firain'd The Gladded Bridegroom in her other Hand, And solemnly thus ty'd the Nuptial Band. Live Happy, Both, crown'd by the Pow'rs above; Abundant be your Joys, and permanent your Love. With Soft Address, and Tenderness of Care in O Invite, my Son, and Captivate the Fair And thou, O Fair, receive the Marry'd Life, but And Chearful yield thy Self a Virtuous Wife.

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hy,

And in a Thousand Shapes appears, Purfu'd by Fancy, how the soves,

Springs in each Plant and bloffom'd Tree,

And Charges in all I bear and fee!

The Ace Maller and Lord

In this Elyfom while Isleay, .

thought Pature's Lairell Face furvey,

A Thought in a GARDEN.

Written in the Year 1704.

Gov Smiles thy Secret Flame confels

Attendants of her Circling Crowd

By Mr. HUGHES.

Where all is Silent, all is Sweet!

Here Contemplation prunes her Wings,

The Raptur'd Muse more tuneful Sings,

While May leads on the Chearful Hours,

And opens a New World of Flow'rs.

Gay Pleasure here all Dresses wears,

And in a Thousand Shapes appears.

Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves

Thro' Airy Walks, and Museful Groves;

Springs in each Plant and blossom'd Tree,

And Charms in all I hear and see!

In this Elysum while I stray,

And Nature's Fairest Face survey,

Earth feems new-born, and Life more bright; Time steals away, and fmooths his Flight And Thought's bewilder'd in Delight. w Where are the Growds I faw of late? I ad I What are those Tales of Europe's Fate? Of Anjou, and the Spanish Crown; And Leagues to pull Usurpers down ? 1 000 Of Marching Armies, Distant Wars; 10 10/1 Of Factions, and Domestick Jars? Sure these are Last Night's Dreams, no more; Or some Romance, read lately o're Like Homer's antique Tale of Troy, And Pow'rs Confed'rate to destroy Priam's Proud House, the Dardan Name, With Him that stole the Ravish'd Dame. And, to possess Another's Right, Durst the whole World to Arms excite. Come, gentle Sleep, my Eye-lids close, These dull Impressions help me lose:

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Lat Fancy take ther Wingo and find need that Some better Dream to footh my Mind Or waking illet me learn to Live good I brila The Prospect will Instruction give. 38 9791 W For fee, where Beauteous Thames do's glide Serene, but with a Freitful Fide : with 10 Free from Extreams of Ebb and Flow, I bon Not swell'd too high, nor funk too low! Such let my Life's smooth Current be, 10 Till, from Time's narrow Shore fet free. It mingle with the Eternal Sergios amon 10 And, there enlarg'd, thall be no more That trifling Thing it was before. I well had Priam's Froud House, the Dardan Name, With Him that Rolle the Ravish'd Dame, End, to possels Another's Right;

Durst the whole World to Arms excite, Come, gentle Sleep, my Eye-lids close, These dull Impressions help me lose:

30.1

A Queen I'll chase, with spotless Honour hir, The Birth of the Roll The.

Let me your Countel and Affiliance ask, From the French.

T'accomplish this momentous Task.

By the Same Hand.

return'e a mararing

Nce, on a Solemn Festal Day
Held by th Immortals in the Skies,

FLORA had summon'd all the Deities

That rule o're Gardens, or survey
The Birth of Greens and springing Flow'rs,

And thus address'd the Genial Pow'rs.

Mai Ye Shining Graces of my Courtly Train,

! wonskyldmellaride of this Affembly know!

shipsh In Sovireign Majelly I feign b'an ait

O're the gay flow'ry Universe below;

Yet, my increasing Glory to maintain,

M

A Queen

A Queen I'll chuse, with spotless Honour fair,

The delegated Crown to wear.

Let me your Counsel and Assistance ask,

T'accomplish this momentous Task.

I

The Deities that Rood around,

At first return'd a murm'ring Sound;

Then said, Fair Goddess, do you know and said a man of the sactions Feuds this must create,

What jealous Rage and mutual Hate Among the Rival Flow'rs will grow?

The vilest Thisse that infests the Plain,

Will think his tawdry painted Pride Deserves the Crown; and, if deny'd,

Perhaps with Traytor Plots modest your Reign.

Wain are your Fears, FLORA reply'd,

'Tis fix'd—and hear how Pli the Cause decide.

'woled shaving your your year add and

A Queen

· M

qued Wet, my increasing Glory to maintain,

Deep in a Venerable Wood,

She's dead-and from her fweet Remains

Where Oaks, with Vocal Skill endu'd,

Did wond'rous Oracles of old impart,

Beneath a little Hill's inclining Side

A Grotto's feen, where Nature's Art

Is exercis'd in all her smiling Pride.

Retir'd in this sweet grassy Cell,

A Lovely Wood-Nymph once did dwell.

She always pleas'd; for more than mortal Fire

Shone in her Eyes, and did her Charms inspire;

A Dryad bore the beauteous Nymph, a Sylvan was

Chaste, Wife, Devout, She still obey'd

With humble Zeal Heav'n's dread Com-[mands,

To evry Action ask'd our Aid,

And oft before our Altars pray'd;

Pure was her Heart, and undefil'd her Hands.

She's dead—and from her sweet Remains
The wondrous Mixture I wou'd take,
This much-desir'd, this perfect Flow'r to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming Pains,
We'll dignify the Garden-Beds, and grace our Favillating

Th' applauding Deities with Pleasure heard,

And for the grateful Work prepar'd.

A buily Face the God of Gardens wore;

Vertumnus of the Party too,

From various Sweets th'exhaling Spirits drew;

While, in full Canisters, Pomona bore

Of richest Fruits a plenteous Store; And Vesta promis'd wond'rous Things to do.

Gay Venus led a lively Train

Of Smiles and Graces: The Plump God of Wind From Clusters did the flowing Nectar strain, And fill'd large Goblets with his Juice divine.

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Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd Shade
Where liv'd and dy'd the spotless Maid.
On a soft Couch of Turf the Body lay;
Th' approaching Deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the Sacred Rites to pay
In Silence, and with Awe profound.

FLORA thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to [pray.

Jove! Mighty Jove! whom all adore;

Exert thy Great Creative Pow'r!

Let this Fair Corpse be Mortal Clay no more;

Transform it to a Tree to bear a beauteous [Flow'r—

Scarce had the Goddess spoke; when see!

The Nymph's extended Limbs the Form of

A natural volume of Branches wear:

Behold the wond'rous Change, the fragrant and several garage or worker [Tree,

To Leaves was turn'd her flowing Hair ;

and rich diffused Perfumes regald the wanton

M 3

Hea-

Thus charg'd, they feek the honour'd Shade Heav'ns! what new Charm, what sudden the state of the sta

Improves the Gros, and entertains the Sight! A sprouting Bud begins the Tree t adorn The large, the fweet Vermilion Flow'r is born! The Goddess thrice on the fair Infant breath'd, To spread it into Life, and to convey 10 11 The fragrant Soul, and ev'ry Charm bequeath'd, To make the Vegetable Princess gay; Then kiss'd it thrice: The gen'ral Silence role be Mortal Clay no more Fbroke.

And thus in loud rejoicing Accents spoke.

Searce had the Goddess find strendart here, Pay Homage, and your Sov'reign ROSE revere!

No Sorrow on your drooping Leaves be seen;

Let all be proud of such a Queen,

So fit the Floral Crown to wear,

To glorify the Day, and grace the youthful Year!

Hea

Thus

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Thus speaking, She the new-born Fay'rite [crown'd;

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The Transformation was compleat;
The Deities with Songs the Queen of Flow'rs did
[greet:

Soft Flutes and tuneful Harps were heard to

While now to Heav'n the well-pleas'd Goddess flies With her bright Train, and reascends the Skies.

Hether our Stage all others do's excel-In Strongth or Wit, we'll not prefupe to

Bet this, with Noble, Confeiens Pride, well fay,

Such Worth confriences, Beauty fo divine,
As in One Barris Andience mingled thine.
Who can, without Amazement, turn his Sight,
And mark the Awful Circle here to Might?

I T'E T'E With ever-living Layrels, brought

EPILOGUE

At the QUEEN's Theatre,

F E B. 16. 1709.

and abboth By the Same of won slidt

With her bright Irans, and realconds the Shies.

Sofr Flutes and runoful Harms were

Hether our Stage all others do's excel
In Strength of Wit, we'll not prefume to
[tell:

But this, with Noble, Conscious Pride, we'll say,
No Theatre such Glories can display;
Such Worth conspicuous, Beauty so divine,
As in One British Audience mingled shine.
Who can, without Amazement, turn his Sight,
And mark the Awful Circle here to Night?
Warriors, with ever-living Lawrels, brought
From Empires Sav'd, from Battels bravely sought,

Here

Her

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Here sit; whose matchless Story shall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm ev'n Ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect such Martial Fire,
That sees what Eyes those Gallant Deeds inspire?
Valour and Beauty still were Britain's Claim,
Both are her great Prerogatives of Fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their
[Flame.]

e,

to l:

re

Then as by You, in solid Glory bright,

Our envy'd Isle thro' Europe spreads her Light,

And rising Honours ev'ry Year sustain,

And mark the Golden Track of ANNE's distinguished and light and light
So, by your Presence here, we'll strive to raise

To Nobler Heights our Action and our Plays;

And Poets from your Favours shall derive

That Immortality they boast to give.

Play thro'thy Strings, and gently make them found, Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing Hours

• Lambers on the Carpet Ground.

An Image of PLEASURE.

thre fit; whole matchless Story fhall adorn

In Imitation of an ODE in Casimire.

By the Same Hand.

both the Mules live, from both they catch

Then as by You, in folk! Clory bright.

Solace of Life, my (weet Companion Lyre!)

On this fair Poplar Bough I'll hang thee
millib a ANNA to should nobled add should high,

While the gay Fields all fost Delights inspire,
And not One Cloud deforms the smiling Sky,

To Nobler Heights our Action and our Plays;

While whisp'ring Gales that court the Leaves and while whisp'ring Gales that court the Leaves and yell will be the court, the court is the court of the court, the court is the court of th

Play thro'thy Strings, and gently make them found, Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing Hours In balmy Slumbers on the Carpet Ground. Bu

W

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III.

But see—what sudden Gloom obscures the Air!
What falling Show'rs impetuous change the Day!
Let's rise, my Lyre: Ah Pleasure false as fair!
How faithless are thy Charms, how short thy Stay!

Beauteous Offspring of his Thought.
No fantaflick Goddess mine,
Fiction far She do's outfline.

On thy gaudy-feather'd Wing
All the Beaufies of the Spring.
Like the Ree's indufficurs Pains

of To collect his Colden Galas,
So from every Flow'r and Plant
Gather fifth the inserviced Paint
Feech me Lillies, feech me Rofes,
Daifies, Valets, Courfie Postes,
Daifies, Valets, Courfie Postes,

d,

ut

DIME.

The PICTURE.

Ome, my Muse, a Venus draw;

Not the same the Græcians saw

By the sam'd Apelles wrought,

Beauteous Offspring of his Thought.

No fantastick Goddess mine,

Fiction far She do's outshine.

Queen of Fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd Wing
All the Beauties of the Spring.
Like the Bee's industrious Pains
To collect his Golden Gains,
So from ev'ry Flow'r and Plant
Gather first th' immortal Paint.
Fetch me Lillies, fetch me Roses,
Daisies, Vi'lets, Cowslip-Posies,

uf

W

Moodbines, Pinks, and what befide IIA

Do's th' embroider'd Meads adorn, ming Where the Fawns and Satyrs playillim?

Where the Fawns and Satyrs playillim?

In the menty Month of May I I you Morrow When She fhines at Noon of Night,

Free from Clouds to veil ther Lights?

Juno's Bird his Tail thall spready it and I Iris' Bow its Colours Ined, then on ail'

All to deck this Charming Pieces vol.)

Far surpassing Ancient Greece 18 and 14.

First her Graceful Stature show,

Not too Tall, non yet too Lowling.

Fat She must not be, nor Lean; b bnA.

Let her Shape be Streight and Clean;

Small her Waste, and thence increast,

Gently swells her rising Breast.

Next,

Next, in contell Order trade manual.

All the Glories of ther face, semidood Wood Paint ther Neokoof Ivory, adme 'de soil Smiling Cheeks, and Forehead high, Why Lips, and spathing Eyes, ed all Whence refiftees hightning Head leads seed that

Borrow, Cynthia's Silver White,

Free fronged to the date that who done?

Scarde th' Outlines are yet begun; or a fire fronged to the charactery of the c

Not tare all his socyethered gailing.

Fat Street yan all trusting and west bank.

Let her Shape be Streight and Clean;

Small her Walle, and thence increase,

A B

Gently swells her rising Brease.

Next,

B

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F

Join'd with that Heavisly Three, who on Mount Ide

Deferation Monce Ithe Brief M & Rut Arry B

And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying love of box with sever-dying love of box with the box with the box with love it.

Unwaked by Winds that o're the Surface play?

When the early Gold anding from the Edit, and I Disclos'd the Golden Dawn, with Blushes diet. I First in the Stream his own bright Form he sees, I But brighter Forms shine thro the Neighbring Trees. He speeds the Rising Day, and sheds his Light Not with more Speed his Daphne he pursu'd, Nor sair Leucothoe with such Pleasure view'd;

Five dazling Nymphs in graceful Pomp appear, He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,

W.

Join'd

Join'd with that Heav'nly Three, who on Mount Ide Descending once the Prize of Beauty try'd.

Ye Verdant ELMS, that tow'ring grace this [Grove, Be Sacred still to Beauty, and to Love!

No Thunder break, nor Lightning glare between

Your twisted Boughs, but Such as then was feen.

The Grateful Sun will eviry Morning rife; nod

Propitious here, faluting from the Skies b'soldid

Your lofty Tops, indulg'd with sweetest Air, and

Nor his own Lawrels more shall be his Care-out of

Redoubl'd on the Grove, to gain a nearer Sight.

Not with more Speed his Daphne he parfu'd,

Nor fair Lencothoe with fuch Pleasure view'd ;

live dazling Nymphs in graceful Pomp appear,

4

He thinks his Daphne and Lencothoe here,

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ONTHE

Where midd the brightest Nympha, She bore th

Friendship of Phæbe and Asteria;

And the Sickness of the Former.

A N Altar raise to Friendship's Holy Flame,
Inscrib'd with Phabe's and Asteria's Name!
Around it, mingl'd in a solemn Band,
Let Phabe's Lovers, and Asteria's stand,
With servent Vows t'attend the Sacrifice;
While Rich Persumes from melted Gums arise,
To bribe for Phabe's Health the Partial Skies.

The Flow'r of Beauty in its tender Bloom!

Shall She so soon to her own Heav'n retire,

Who gave so oft, yet never felt thy Fire?

Who late at Splendid Feasts so Graceful shone

By pleasing Smiles, and num'rous Conquests shown;

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Where 'midst the brightest Nymphs, She bore the Prize

From all—from all but her Asteria's Eyes.

Behold the Maid, who then Secure repell'd

The Shafts of Love, by fainting Sickness quell'd!

(As Beauty's Goddess once a Wound sustain'd,

Not from her Son, but from a * Mortal's Hand)

Asteria too forgets her sprightly Charms,

And drooping lies within her Phabe's Arms,

Thus in Romantick Histories we read

Of Tournaments by some Great Prince decreed,

Where Two Companion-Knights their Lances wield

With matchless Force, and win from all the Field

Till One, o'reheated in the Course, retires,

And feels within his Veins a Fever's Fires;

His grieving Friend his Lawrels throws away,

And mourns the dear-bought Triumphs of the Day.

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Day.

So

So strict's the Union of this tender Pair, What Heav'n decrees for One, they Both must Thare.

Like meeting Rivers, in One Stream they flow, And no divided Joys or Sorrows know.

Not the bright * Twins, preferr'd in Heav'n to Boughs, which bending reach u Thine,

Fair Leda's Sons, in such a League cou'd join; One Soul, as Fables tell, by turns supply'd That Heav'nly Pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd. But these have sworn a matchless Sympathy, They'll live together, or together die.

When Heav'n did at Asteria's Birth bestow Those Lavish Charms, with which She wounds us e Symptoms good or ill each Day arile

To form her Glorious Mind, it did inspire A Double Portion of th' Ætherial Fire,

TWOI * CASTOR and POLLVX.

rat goth ring Mills porfer a falling Show'r,

That Half might afterward be thence convey'd,

To animate that other Lovely Maid.

Thus Native Instinct do's their Hearts combine,

In Knots too close for Fortune to untwine.

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So India boasts a Tree, that spreads around
Its am'rous Boughs, which bending reach the

And no divided Toys or Sorrows know.

Where taking Root again, the Branches raise

A Second Tree to meet its fond Embrace;

Then Side by Side the friendly Neighbours thrive,

Fed by one Sap, and in each other live.

Of Phabe's Health we need not send to know
How Nature strives with her invading Foe,
What Symptoms good or ill each Day arise;
We read those Changes in Asteria's Eyes.
Thus in some Crystal Fountain you may spy
The Face of Heav'n, and the resected Sky,
See what black Clouds arise, when Tempests lowr,
And gath'ring Mists portend a falling Show'r,
And

And when the Sun breaks out, with conqu'ring Ray
To chase the Darkness, and restore the Day.

Such be thy Fate, bright Maid! from this Decline
Arise renew'd in Charms, and doubly shine!
And as that dawning Planet was addrest
With Offer'd Incense by th' adoring East,
So We'll with Songs thy glad Recov'ry greet,
The Muse shall lay her Presents at thy Feet;
With open Arms, Asteria shall receive
The dearest Pledge propitious Heav'n can give.
Fann'd by these Winds, your Friendship's gen'rous
[Fire
Shall burn more bright, and to such Heights a[spire,
The wond'ring World shall think You from Above
Come down to teach how Happy Angels love.

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Such be thy lifte, bright Maid! from this Decline

alle renew'd in Charms, Ind doubly filine!

al when the sun breaks out, with coppa ring Ray

HAME of Dorinda's Conquests brought
The God of Love her Charms to view;
To wound th' unwary Maid he thought,
But soon became her Conquest too.

the deared Pladge propitions Eleavin can give.

He dropp'd half drawn his feeble Bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and fighing pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As Painters falsely draw him, blind.

III. Dif.

HI.

Disarm'd, he to his Mother flies;

Help, Venus, help thy wretched Son!

Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?

For Love Himself's, alas! undone.

Trhich Face becrays the cit, or who is Well.

So mournful is the Scene, 'the hard to tell

To Cupid now no Lover's Pray'r

Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs;

My Darts are gone, but Oh beware,

Fond Mortals, of Dorinda's Eyes.

To fee Her well, the We the next expire.

Grant, Heav'n, they cry, this Moment our Defire

if-

TO

O C T A VI A Indisposid

Help, Venus, help thy wretched Son!

A Round your Couch while Sighing Lovers [view Wit, Beauty, Goodness suff'ring all in You; So mournful is the Scene, 'tis hard to tell Which Face betrays the Sick, or who is Well. They seel not their own Pains, while Your's they [share,

Worse tortur'd now, than lately by Despair.

For bleeding Veins a like Relief is found,

When Iron red-hot by burning stops the Wound.

Grant, Heav'n, they cry, this Moment our Desire

To see Her well, tho' We the next expire.

BEAUTT, and MUSICK.

I.

E Swains, whom Radiant Beauty moves,
Or Musick's Art with Sounds Divine,
Think how the Rapt'rous Charm improves,
Where Two such Gifts Cælestial join;

ers

ey

re,

Of Favrite Nymphs, for Conquest most re-

Where Cupid's Bow, and Phabus Lyre, I have fame pow'rful Hand are found; Where Lovely Eyes inflame Desire, While trembling Notes are taught to wound.

Enquire not who's the matchless Fair,

That can this Double Death bestow.

If young Harmonia's Strains you hear,

Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know.

Elie litelo Hands imporial Trophies bear, - Q Q awrel Wreaths to grace th' elected Fair.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

By the Same Hand with the foregoing Copy.

aink how the Rapt'rous Charm improves,

CUP 1 D, survey thy Shining Train around
Of Fav'rite Nymphs, for Conquest most re[nown'd;

The Lovely Warriors that in Bright Array

Thy Pow'r support, and propagate thy Sway.

Then say what Beauteous Gen ral wilt thou chuse,

To lead the Fair Brigade against thy Rebel Foes?

Behold the God advance in Comely Pride,

Arm'd with his Bow, his Quiver by his Side.

Inferior Cupids on their Master wait;

He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his Wings in State.

His little Hands imperial Trophies bear, And Lawrel-Wreaths to grace th' elected Fair.

Hide-

Sorree, the' a God, he can with Salety at

Hide-Park the Scene for the Review he nam'd, Hide-Park for Pleasure and for Beauty sam'd. Where, oft from Western Skies the God of Light Sees new-arising Suns, than his more bright, Then Sets in Blushes, and conveys his Fire To distant Lands, that more his Beams require.

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And now the Charming Candidates appear.

Behold Britannia's Victor-Graces there,

Who vindicate their Country's ancient Claim

To Love's Præeminence, and Beauty's Fame.

Some, who, at ANNA's Court, in Honour rais'd,

Adorn Birth-Nights, by Crowding Nations prais'd;

Preserv'd in Kneller's Pictures ever young,

In Strains immortal by the Muses sung.

Around the Ring th' Illustrious Rivals move.

And teach to Love Himself the Pow'r of Love.

While Flora's youthful Years and Looks difplay

Scarce,

Scarce, the a God, he can with Safety gaze
On Glory fo profuse, such mingled Rays;
For Love had Eyes on this important Day,
And Venus from his Forehead took the blinding Cloth
[away.]

Here Myra pass'd, and fix'd his wond'ring View, Her perfect Shape distinguish'd Praises drew; Tall, Beauteous, and Majestick to the Sight, She led the Train, and sparks'd in the Light.

There Stella claims the Wreath, and pleads her [Eyes,

Adorn Birth-Nights, by Crowding Nations prais'd;

By which each Day some New Adorer dies.

STARTE

Serena, by Good Humour doubly Fair,

With Native Sweetness charms, and Smiling Air.

While Flora's youthful Years and Looks display

The Bloom of ripining Fruits, the Innocence of

The

The opining Sweets that Months of Pleasure bring, The Dawn of Love, and Life's indulgent Spring.

'Twere endless to describe the various Darts
With which the Fair are arm'd, to conquer
[Hearts.

W

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na

Whatever can the ravish'd Soul inspire
With tender Thoughts, and animate Desire,
All Arts and Virtues mingl'd in the Train;
And long the Lovely Rivals strove in vain,
While Cupid unresolv'd still search'd around the [Plain.]

O cou'd I find, said Love, the *Phænix* She,
In whom at once these sev'ral Charms agree;
That *Phænix* She the Lawrel Crown shou'd have,
And Love Himself with Pride become her Slave.

He scarce had spoke, when see—Harmonia [came!

Chance brought Her there, and not Defire of [Fame,

Unknow-

Unknowing of the Choice, till She beheld
The God approach to crown Her in the Field.
Th' unwilling Maid, with wond'rous Modesty,
Disclaim'd her Right, and put the Lawrel by;
Warm Blushes on her tender Cheeks arise,
And double Sostness beautify'd her Eyes.

At this, more charm'd, the rather I bestow,
Said Love, these Honours You in vain forego;
Take then the Wreath, which You, Victorious
[Fair,

In whom at once their feviral Charms agree

Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear.

He scarce had spoke, when see-Europe's fearnes!

Chance brought Her there, and not Define of

Lat Phan's Sherine Lawrel Orayn than'd have,

-wondnU

PSALM XCVII. In Paraphrastick VERSE.

How terrible They Beth appear,

JEhovah reigns: Thou Earth rejoice;
Ye Islands echo back her Voice;
Ev'n farthest Britain take the Sound,
Let the glad Consort from thy Hills rebound,
And from thy Cliffs the Sacred Noise!

ous air.

II.

Amaz'd, the Sinner views his Doom a

Hear This, Thou Sea; Thou Ocean, stand
Attentive to receive the Song:
Silence to thy loud Waves command,
And calm thy troubl'd foamy Sand,
While thro' the hollow Rocks the Musick rolls
[along.

III. But

A L. III XCVIII

But see! dark Glories fill the Air;
Thick Clouds involv'd have form'd a Sphere,
The Round Pavilion of his Throne.
There Justice sits, and Judgment There:
How terrible They Both appear,
When God with Them alone comes down,
To scourge a wicked World rebellious to his [Crown.

or the glad Confort from thy Hills rebound.

Before Him wond'rous Fires consume:

Amaz'd, the Sinner views his Doom;

Strange Terrors seize his impious Soul.

Such noisy Thunder rends the Skies,

With such quick Glare the Lightning slies,

Thro' the vext Elements such Tempests rise,

As the fixt Pillars of the World controll.

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V. The

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[along.

V.

The Earth's dark Bowels, from her Centre, quake;
Such dire Convultions her Foundations shake,
That fain she wou'd have trembling fled:
Like melted Wax her Mountains flow,
Her flinty Rocks dissolve like Snow;
Tho' once to Heav'n they rais'd their losty Head,
As if with daring Pride they wou'd ev'n God in[vade.

Where, with low Homary and Obedience prone,

Whence is this Horror? What strange Sight
Do's thus th'astonish'd World affright?
The Presence of the Lord is here:
The Presence of the Lord,
Whose Righteousness the Heav'ns declare;
Whose Glory all the Nations fear,
And dread the awful Sound of his Eternal Word.

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And worthip Gods that can't themfel es defend;

VII. Be-

VII.

Before his Glorious Presence, all

The Heathen Gods consounded fall:
Their fond Adorers, in their Dagon's Fate,
Their monstrous Folly learn too late;
Too late their own prodigious Madness see,
And curse their dull Stupidity,
When humbly prostrate on the Ground
Their shatter'd Deity is found;
Where, with low Homage, and Obedience prone,
The vanquish'd Idol seems to own
The God of Israel, God alone.

And Shame possess thine Enemies

That to a senseless Idol bend,

And worship Gods that can't themselves desend;

SE ITY

A

Thy Church with Joy thy Judgments hears,
And triumphs in the Wicked's Fears;
When the Great God, the Lord of Holls;
Defeats their proud and impious Boalts,
His Godhead terribly maintains;
And his Eternal Rule o're Heav'n and Earth pro[claims:

IX.

Against the Atheist Race thy Bolts are aim'd;

Against the Godless Crew thy Visage is enflam'd;

While, thro the dark Obscurity,

For Thine the Seeds of Light are sown,

While They secure thy Smiles can see,

And thro the dismal Shades their Great Protector [own;

X.

Thus, while of old palpable Darkness shrowds
The Chamian Heav'ii in solid Clouds,

0 2

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Thy

And

And hov'ring with black Wings, o're frighted Mizri

In Gofhen's Privileg'd Land

Thy Chosen Ifrael Stand,

Enjoy the Sun's enlivining Ray,

And wonder what strange Night usurps th' Ægyptian [Day.

Xi

Praint the Atheift Rece thy Bolts are similar. Spirit the Godless Crew thy Visage is entlam'd.;

While, thro the dark Obicurity,

For Thine the Seeds of Light are fown,

While They secure thy Smiles can see,

Thus, while of old palpable Darkness forewest

The Chamian Heav'n in folid Clouds,

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HORACE, Book I. Ode 29.

Skilful, from his Hereditary Bow,

Translated by Mr. W. Duncomb.

To ICCIUS, a Philosopher.

sher's Panid Corrent backward bend?

Captain's Equipage, and fee HORACE upbraids him with his Intention to quit his Books, and the Study of Philosophy, for a Military Life, out of an Avaritious Temper.

TCCIUS, whose Breast th' Arabian Gold inspires, From Lust of Happy Wealth, with Martial Fires :

Who boldly now defign'ft to take the Field Against Sabæan Kings, unknowing yet to yield; And proudly meditat'st, the fullen Mede, Thy Slave in Chains triumphantly to lead. What Captive Damsel shall thy Will obey, Her Husband flain, and own thy Sov'reign Sway?

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ian ay.

What Spruce and Courtly Youth, with plaited [Hair,

Shall at thy Board the brimming Goblet bear; Skilful, from his Hereditary Bow,

With Sinewy Force the Parthian Shaft to throw?
Who will deny that Rivers may ascend,

And Tyber's Rapid Current backward bend?

When You, who promis'd better Things, prepare

'A Captain's Equipage, and feek the War;

And change Panætius Books, with Care procur'd, And Xenophon and Plate for the Sword.

CCIZIS, whose Breath th' Analism Gold inspires,

From Luft of Happy Wealth, with Martial

Who botaly now defignit to take that field "Against Sabaum Kings, unknowing yet to yield had proudly meditat's, the fullen Mede, Ingly Inglies in Chains triumphently to lead. That Captive Damiel shall thy Will obey.

Her Husband flain, and own thy Sovieten Sweet

EPIGRAM.

Doux Ruisseaux, coulez sans violence,
Rossignols, arrêtez vôtre voix:
Taisez-vous, Zephirs, faites silence;
C'est Iris qui chante dans ce Bois.

Tretch'd on his homely Bed, the weary'd Hind

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I Translated by the Same Hand.

Silence, ye Winds; ye Zephyrs, cease to blow;
Be hush'd, ye murm'ring Streams, serenchy
[flow:

Ye Nightingals, your vanquish'd Notes forbear; For Iris' sweeter Song commands the list'ning Ear.

.angier oanel Q 14 rovieu bas ; b'alud All De-

Save where the mournful Nightingale complaints

And kindly Nature's Vital Juice repair :

A Description of a Summer Night in the COUNTRY.

By Mr. NEEDLER.

Taifez-vous, Zephirs: faires filence

C'est Iris qui chance dons ce Bois.

Oux Ruisseaux, contex sans violence

STretch'd on his homely Bed, the weary'd Hind Now sleeps secure, no Cares disturb his and secure and secure [Mind:

No Use of Down or Opiate Drugs he knows;
His wholsom Labour gives a sweet Repose.
The Beasts and Birds are now retir'd to Rest,
Those to their grassy Couch, these to their Nest:
The Winds too are asseep, and scarcely move
Thro' the Still Horror of the Gloomy Grove:
Now Pearly Dews resresh the Gelid Air,
And kindly Nature's Vital Juice repair:
All's hush'd; and universal Silence reigns,
Save where the mournful Nightingale complains,

Or

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Or where the wakeful Dog affrighted howls
At the shrill Screeking of foreboding Owls.
Deckt with unrivall'd Beams, the Silver Moon
Has wheel'd her rolling Orb to Night's pale Noon,
Temp'ring the Darkness with so bright a Ray,
As might almost compare with that of Day,
Whilst Thousand Lesser Lights with Her combine,
And all in one united Splendor shine.
Nor Heav'n alone those Radiant Beauties knows;
Each Bush with num'rous living Spangles glows,
Disfusing all around a Lustre far,
Such as might guide the wand'ring Traveller.
As if a Show'r of Stars, from yonder Sky
Had fall'n, and Earth design'd with Heav'n to vie.

In vain the Gems of Ophin's lavour'd Coast Their dazled Lustre in her Presence boast:

Gay Orient Pearls and Gold in vain display

ara Prakaist describe in her brighter Day:

Before Her Brilliant Di'monds dinnly thine,

And blushing Rubies own her Worth Divine.

Richer

S

A Paraphrase on Prov. VIII. begin-

By the Same Hand.

Has wheel'd her rolling Orb to Night's pale Noon,

Within the Compais of this Spacious [Round,

Compar'd with Wisdom, no Regard can claim;
With Her compar'd, can scarce deserve a Name.
Not Half so Beauteous is the dawning Light;
Not Half so Fair the Stars that gild the Night.
In vain the Gems of Ophir's favour'd Coast
Their dazled Lustre in her Presence boast:
Gay Orient Pearls and Gold in vain display
Their vanquish'd Glories in her brighter Day:
Before Her Brilliant Di'monds dimly shine,
And blushing Rubies own her Worth Divine.

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Richer and Happier He, whose hallow'd Breast
Of Wisdom's Sacred Treasures is possess'd,
Than if He Monarch reign'd, of all the wealthy

[East.]

The Just, by Wisdom's Righteous Precepts led, The Peaceful Paths of Life fecurely tread, The dang rous Rocks of Vice with Safety shun, And Virtue's Pleasant Course serenely run. Artists by Her their subtle Works devise; 'Tis She, with Council Sage instructs the Wife Tis She, who teaches Princes to Command By wholfome Laws, and guides the Scepter'd Hand Before th' Eternal Mind, who dwells on High, Hung up the Spangl'd Curtains of the Sky, With wond'rous Skill Earth's firm Foundations laid Or scoop'd the wat'ry Deep's Capacious Bed; Before their tow'ring Heads the Mountains rear'd, Or shady Woods and open Lawns appear'd; E're bubbling Springs and Fountains had begun Thro' painted Meads in Crystal Streams to run,

S

E're

E're chearful Verdure cloath'd the naked Field, Or flow'ry Vales did blooming Odors yield, Wifdow with uncreated Splendor shone, And spread her Beams around th' Almighty's Throne, Joyous, before the Sov'reign Presence play'd, Who with Delight Immense, her Heav'nly Form

And when this Universe with perfect Art He rais'd, and cast in Order ev'ry Part, The Spheres that roll their steady Course above Prepar'd, and taught the Planets where to move, When Laws He to the swelling Ocean gave, And bound in Ropes of Sand the raging Wave, To wand'ring Clouds their airy Flight affign'd, And whence to blow inform'd the sweepy Wind. Wisdom Supreme did o're the Whole preside, And in his awful Work the Sacred Founder guide. open Lawns appeard:

bubbling Springs and Fountains had begun

O Tpainted Meads in Cryfial Streams to run;

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Qui Hy

The wanton Muse ho Tered Art debase,

Sir Richard Blackmore,

And in fall Colar Hechdoufive Vice;

Poem entitl'd CREATION.

Thefe beaten Paths thy Loftier Strains refuse

By Mr. RIDOUT.

Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisque labores,
Unde hominum genus, & pecudes, unde imber, & ignes,
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones:
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis Mora Noctibus obstet. Virg.

Ress'd in the Charms of Wit and Fancy, long
The Muse has pleas'd Us with her Syren
[Song,

But weak of Reason, and deprav'd of Mind,

Too oft on Vile, Ignoble Themes we find

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The wanton Muse her Sacred Art debase. Forgetful of her Birth and Heav'nly Race: Too oft her flatt'ring Songs to Sin entice, And in false Colours deck delusive Vice: Too oft She condescends, in Servile Lays, The Undeserving Rich and Great to praise. These beaten Paths thy Loftier Strains refuse With just Disdain, and Nobler Subjects chuse: Fir'd with Sublimer Thoughts, thy daring Soul Wings her aspiring Flight from Pole to Pole, Observes the Footsteps of a Pow'r Divine, Which in each Part of Nature's System shine, Surveys the Wonders of this Beauteous Frame And Sings the Sacred Source, whence all Things Came.

But O! what Numbers shall I find, to tell

The mighty Transports which my Bosom swell;

But weak of Reason, and depray'd of Mind, thirdy oft on Vile, Ignoble Themes we find

The

Whilst, guided by thy tuneful Voice, I stray
Thro' Radiant Worlds, and Fields of Native
[Day,

Wasted from Orb to Orb, unweary'd fly Thro' the blue Regions of the yielding Sky. See how the Spheres in Stated Courfes roll, And view the Just Composure of the Whole! Such were the Strains by ancient Orpheus fung, To fuch, Musaus Heav'nly Lyre was strung: Exalted Truths in Learned Verse they told, And Nature's deepest Secrets did unfold. How at th' Eternal Mind's Omnific Call, Yon Starry Arch, and this Terrestrial Ball. The briny Wave, the blazing Source of Light, And the wan Empress of the filent Night, Each in its Order rose, and took its Place, And fill'd with recent Forms the vacant Space; How rolling Planets trace their destin'd Way, Nor in the Wasts of pathless Æther stray;

Sti

How the Pale Moon with Silver Beams adorns

Her changeful Orb, and gilds her sharpen'd

[Horns;

How the Vast Ocean's swelling Tides obey
Her distant Reign, and own her wat'ry Sway;
How erring Floods their Circling Course main[tain,

Supply'd by constant Succours from the Main;
Whilst to the Sea the refluent Streams restore
The Liquid Treasures, which She lent before;
What dreadful Veil obscures the Solar Light,
And Phabe's darken'd Face conceals from mortal
[Sight.

Thy Learned Muse I with like Pleasure hear The Wonders of the Lesser World declare, Point out the various Marks of Skill Divine, Which thro' its complicated Structure shine,

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Nor in the Walls of pathlefs Acter firay;

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In tuneful Verse the Vital Current trace Throfall the Windings of its mazy Race. And tell how the rich purple Tide bestows Vigor and kindly Warmth wheree're it flows. By what Contrivance of Mechanic Art , and The Muscles Motion to the Limbs impart, How, at th' Imperial Mind's impulsive Nod, obedient Spirits thro' the Nervous Road Find to their Fibrous Cells their ready way, And the high Dictates of the Will obey, From how Exact and Delicate a Frame The channell'd Bones their nimble Action claim With how much Depth and Subtilty of Thought, The curious Organ of the Eye is wrought, How from the Brain their Root the Nerves defrive,

And Sense to ev'ry distant Member give.

Th' extensive Knowledge You of Man enjoy
You to a double Use of Man employ;

Nor

Nor to the Body is your Skill confin'd,

Of Error's worse Disease You heat the Mind.

No longer shall the hardy Atheist praise

Lucretius' piercing Wit and Philosophic Lays;

But, by your Lines convinc'd and charm'd it [once,

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Wh

His impious Tenets shall at length renounce, At length to Truth and Eloquence shall yield,

Confess Himself subdu'd, and wisely quit the

And the high Dictates of the Will obey, s

The channell'd Bones their nimble Action claim With how much Depth and Subtilty of Thought,

The carious Organ of the Eye is wrought, How from the Brain their Root the Nerves of

And Senfe to ev'ry diffent Member give.

bAh' extensive Knowledge You of Man enjoy

Vou to a double Ue of Man employ;

Q

Hafte, draw a Copy like the ACTION Great; Advice to VERRIO, the Painter.

On the Defeat of the French and Bavarians, by the Confederate Forces, Commanded by his Grace the Or, as the Blows from M. AguerodiraM for saud

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Here

ERR 10, no more thy Sacred Skill prophane, To shew how Fabl'd Gods with Giants fought; Giants, who owe their Action to thy Brain, And Gods, who were no Gods, 'till by thy Pencil [wrought. 4s Heav'n unwillingly the Slaughter faw,

VERRIO, prophane thy Sacred Skill no more, Lest we those GODS, for being thine, adore. Let little Gards and finall Bavarians fly :

Truth only claims the Name of History ab bak Worth our Respect, or to be done by Thee; Such Mighty Truths as German Plains relate, Or Danube's Billows to the Ocean told,

When stain'd with Gallick and Bavarian Blood, they

Hafte,

Haste, draw a Copy like the ACTION Great;
Let all thy Daring Touches stand,
'Till the sam'd Piece appear as bold
As the dread Strokes of Fate,
Or, as the Blows from MARLBRO's Hand,
Bolder than what thy Genius could create;
'Tis such a Piece will suit the Royal Seat.

First, A dark Sky, that thro' with Lightning, draw;
Let Clouds of Dust th' encount'ring Armies skreen,
As Heav'n unwillingly the Slaughter saw,
Tho' bloody Man was fearless to be seen.

Next, afar off, like the Horizon wan,
Let little Gauls and small Bavarians sty;
And draw their Gen'ral the minutest Man,
To make him seem to vanish in the Sky.

Horror, in all its Shapes, thro' their whole Army
[spread]

The Valiant flying, and the Fearful fled; [Dead.]
The Dying in their Pangs, and in their Blood the

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Here paint Surrend'ring Multitudes, and here
Ten Thousand different Sorts of Fear;
And there let British Conquerors be seen,
With gen'rous Rage, and surious Mercy in their
[Mein.

Next, let the Charging CUIS the Chace forbear, With Blood of hardy Foes his Arms befmear: Let Him, like Mars, unhurt, in Pomp return; Yet let Him seem the want of Enemies to mourn.

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ere

But, VERRID, paint the Glorious MARLBRO' [now;

Paint Brav'ry in his Eyes, and Counsel on his Brow:
Paint Him like POMPET, Great; like CÆSAR,
[Brave;]

Let Him amidst his Foes a Triumph have,

And in his Chariot let a Gen'ral ride his Slave.

Paint this; and then with Universal Voice,

We'll praise the Nation's Hero, and the Mo[NARCH's Choice]

P 3

Ho-

Hor Acie, and here Hor Acie, and here Hor Acie, and here Hor Acie, and here

there let Drivish Conquerors be seen, To M. E. C. A. N. A. S.

Next, let the Charging (DTS the Chace forboad,

Dire Hannibal, the Roman Dread,
Numantian Wars that rag'd so long,
And Seas, with Punick Slaughter red,
Fit not the Softer Lyrick Song.

Paint Brav'ry in his Eygs and Countel on his Brow's

Nor Savage Centaurs, mad with Wine;

Nor Earth's enormous Rebel Brood,

That shook with Fear the Pow'rs Divine, back

'Till by Alcides' Arms subdu'd.

We'll praise the Nation's HERO, and the Mo.

XARCH'S

III. Bet-

III.

Shalt Cafar's Charious Battels tell, drive and With what bold Heat the Victor glows, M. What Captive Kings his Triumphs swell.

TIM.

Thy Mistress all my Muse employs, and W Licinia's Voice, her sprightly Turns, an o'T The Fire that sparkles in her Eyes, and and in her saithful Bosom burns, and and an her saithful Bosom burns, and and an analysis of the saithful Bosom burns, and an an analysis of the saithful Bosom burns, and an analysis of the saithful Bosom burns,

V.

When She adorns Diana's Day,
And all the Beauteous Choirs advance,
With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,
She shines distinguish'd in the Dance.

P 4

VI. No

VI.

Not all Arabia's Spicy Fields and Arabia's S

WII.

When She with bending Neck complies of To meet the Lover's eager Kifs, With gentle Cruelty denies, and the Shall of To finatches first the fragrant Bliss.

When She adorns Diana's Day,

And all the Beauteous Choirs advance, With fweetelf Airs, divinely gay, She thines diffinguith'd in the Dance,

A Receipt to make a Cuckold.

By Mr. POPE.

Two or three Civil Things, and two or three Bows,
[Vows;

Two or three Kisses, and two or three Sighs, Two or three Jesu's and Let me Dye's;

Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Towzes,

Two or three Hundred Pounds lost at their Houses,

And tecming Matter forms the wordlous Birth

My alciul Verfe, the first, transmits to Fame,

Can ne're fail Cuckolding two or three Spoufcs.

A Receipt to make a Cuckoup. Sir Humpbry Mackworth,

the MINES late of Sir Carbery Price.

Two or three Jefu's and Let me Dye's:

THAT Spatious Veins enrich the British ,lio? wo or three Hundred Pounds lost at th The various Oars, and Skilful Miners Toil; How rip'ning Metals lie conceal'd in Earth, And teeming Nature forms the wond'rous Birth: My useful Verse, the first, transmits to Fame, In Numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd Flame.

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O Gen'rous Mackworth! cou'd the Muse impart,
A Labour worthy thy auspicious Art:
Like thee succeed in Paths untrod before,
And Secret Treasures of the Land explore;
Apollo's Self shou'd on the Labour smile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful Isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the Coaft,
And aged Dovey in the Ocean's lost,
Her losty Brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And senc'd with Rocks impregnable appears;
Which like the well-six'd Bars of Nature show,
To guard the Treasures she conceals below.
For Earth distorted with her pregnant Womb,
Heaves up to give the forming Embrio Room:
Hence vast Excrescencies of Hills arise,
And Mountains swell to a portentous Size.
Low'ring and black the rugged Coast appears,
The sullen Earth a gloomy Surface wears;

Yet all beneath, deep as the Centre, shines
With Native Wealth, and more than India's Mines.
Thus erring Nature her Desects supplies,
Indulgent oft to what her Sons despise:
Oft in a rude, unfinish'd Form, we find
The Noblest Treasure of a Gen'rous Mind.

Thrice Happy Land! from whose Indulgent [Womb,

Such unexhausted Store of Riches come!

By Heav'n belov'd! form'd by auspicious Fate,

To be above thy Neighb'ring Nations great!

Its Golden Sands no more shall Tagus boast,

In Dovey's Flood his Rivall'd Empire's lost;

Whose Waters now a Nobler Fund maintain,

To humble France, and check the Pride of Spain.

Like Egypt's Nile the Bounteous Current shows,

Dispersing Blessings wheresoe're it slows;

Whose Native Treasure's able to repair

The long Expences of our Gallick War.

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The ancient Britons are a hardy Race, Averse to Luxury and slothful Ease; Their Necks beneath a Foreign Yoke ne're bow'd, In War unconquer'd, and of Freedom proud; With Minds refolv'd, they lasting Toils endure, Unmix'd their Language, and their Manners pure. Wifely do's Nature such an Offspring chuse. Brave to defend her Wealth, and flow to use. Where Thirst of Empire ne're inflames their Veins, Nor Avarice, nor wild Ambition reigns: But, low in Mines, they constant Toils renew, And thro' the Earth their branching Veins pursue. To form your's Light man with up-lifted Hands

As when some Navy on th' Iberian Coast, Chac'd by the Winds, is in the Ocean loft; To Neptune's Realms a new Supply it brings, The Strength defign'd of European Kings: Contending Divers wou'd the Wreck regain, And make Reprizals on the grasping Main: bliwe Miner's Art, and make the best Return

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Wild in Pursuit, they are endanger'd more, Than when they combated the Storms before. The Miner thus thro' Perils digs his way, Equal to theirs, and deeper than the Sea; Drawing in pestilential Steems his Breath, Resolv'd to conquer, tho' he combats Death. Night's gloomy Realms his pointed Steel invades, The Courts of Plute, and Infernal Shades: He cuts thro' Mountains, Subterraneous Lakes, Plying his Work, each nervous Stroke he takes Loosens the Earth, and the whole Cavern shakes. Thus, with his brawny Arms, the Cyclops stands, To form Jove's Light'ning with up-lifted Hands; The pond rous Hammer with a Force descends. Loud as the Thunder which his Art intends; And as he frikes, with each reliftless Blow The Anvil yields, and Atma groans below and I

Thy fam'd Inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The Miner's Art, and make the best Return:

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Thy speedy Sails, and useful Engines show
A Genius richer than thy Mines below.
Thousands of Slaves unskill'd Peru maintains;
The Hands that labour still exhaust the Gains:
The Winds, thy Slaves, their useful Succours join,
Convey thy Oar, and labour at thy Mine;
Instructed by thy Arts, a Pow'r they find
To vanquish Realms, where once they lay confined.

Downward, my Muse, direct thy steepy Flight,
Where smiling Shades, and bounteous Realms in[vite;

I first of British Bards invoke thee down, and and I And first with Wealth thy graceful Temples crown, Thro' dark Retreats pursue the winding Oar, Search Nature's Depths, and view her boundless also also many less than the same and the sam

The fecret Cause in tuneful Measures sing,

How Metals first are fram'd, and whence they

[spring.

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Whether

Whether the active Sun, with Chymic Flames, Thro' Porous Earth transmits his Gen al Beams; With Heat impregnating the Womb of Night, The Offspring shines with its Paternal Light:

On Britain's Isle propitiously he shines, With Joy descends, and labours in her Mines.

Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous Flames,
The Earth serments, and slows in Liquid Streams;
Purg'd from their Dross, the Nobler Parts refine,
Receive new Forms, and with sresh Beauties shine.
Thus sluid Parts, unknowing how to burn,
With Cold congeal'd, to Solid Metals turn.
For Metals only from devouring Flame,
Preserve their Beauty, and return the same;
Both Art and Force, the well-wrought Mass disagrams,

And midst the Fire its native Form retains.

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Or whether by Creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the World's great Fabrick hung:
Metals the Basis of the Earth were made,
The Bars on which its six'd Foundation's laid:
All Second Causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat sprung alone.

Traffic no more Abroad for Foreign Spoil.

Nature in spatious Beds preserves her Store,

And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted Oar;

The spreading Root a num'rous Race maintains

Of branching Limbs, and far extended Veins:

Thus, from its wat'ry Store, a Spring supplies

The lesser Streams that round its Fountain rise;

Which bounding out in fair Meanders Play,

And with divided Currents o're the Meadows stray.

Starv'd with their Wealth, amidit their Rich

Methinks I see the rounded Metal spread, To be ennobl'd with our Monarch's Head:

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About

About the Globe th'admired Coin shall run, And make the Circle of its Parent Sun.

When yer uppois'd the World's great Fabrick hung

How are thy Realms, Triumphant Britain, bleft! Enrich'd with more than all the distant West ! Thy Sons no more betray'd with Hopes of Gain, Shall tempt the Dangers of a faithless Main. Traffic no more Abroad for Foreign Spoil, Supply'd with Richer from their Native Soil. To Dovey's Flood shall num'rous Traders come. Employ'd to fetch the British Bullion Home, To pay their Tributes to its Bounteous Shore, Returning laden with the Cambrian Oar. Her absent Fleet Potofi's Race shall mourn, And wish in vain to see our Sails return; Like Mifers, heaping up their useless Store, Starv'd with their Wealth, amidst their Riches poor is I fee the rounded Metal fitness

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Wheree're the British Banners are display'd,
The Suppliant Nations shall implore our Aid:

1sod A

'Till thus compell'd, the Greater Worlds confess.

Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the Less.

How Cambria's Mines were to her Offspring [known,

Like rifing Flames the ruddy. Copper flow'd,

Thus Sacred Verse transmits the Story down:

Merlin, a Bard of the Inspired Train,

With mystick Numbers charm'd the British Plain;

Belov'd by Phæbus, and the tuneful Nine,

His Song was Sacred, and his Art Divine

As on Sabrina's fruitful Banks he stood,

His wond'rous Verse restrain'd the list'ning Flood;

And to her Cave the artful Shepherd led.

Her swift descending Steps the Youth pursues,

And Rich in Oar the spatious Mountain views.

In Beds distinct the well-rang'd Metals lay,

ches poor

Whole

Dispersing Rays, and counterfeiting Day.

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The Silver, shedding Beams of Orient Light,
Struck with too sierce a Glare his aking Sight;
Like rising Flames the ruddy Copper show'd,
And spread its Blushes o're the dark Abode:
Profuse of Rays, and with unrivall'd Beams,
The liquid Silver slow'd in restless Streams:
Not India's sparkling Gems are half so bright,
Nor Waves above, that shine with Heav'nly
[Light.]

When thus the Goddels spake: -Harmonious [Youth!

Rever'd for Numbers fraught with Sacred Truth!

Belov'd by Heav'n! Attend whilst I relate

The Fix'd Decree, and Dark Events of Fate.

Conceal'd these Treasures lie in Nature's Womb,

For future Times, and Ages yet to come.

When many long revolving Years are run,

A Hero shall ascend the British Throne,

Whofe

Whose num'rous Triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In Arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous Peace.
Beneath his Sway a Gen'rous Youth shall rise,
With Virtues blest, in Happy Councils wise;
Rich with the Spoils of Learning's various Store,
Commanding Arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with Success, shall enter this Abode,
And Nature trace in Paths before untrod;
The smiling Offspring from her Womb remove,
And with her Entrails glad the Realms above.

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O Youth, reserv'd by more auspicious Fate,
With fam'd Improvements to oblige the State!
By Wars impov'rish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought Mines forbid Her to be Poor:
The Earth, thy Great Exchequer, ready lies,
Which all Desects of failing Funds supplies;

You

You shall a Nation's pressing Wants relieve in short War can lavish more than you can give man all

This, MACKWORTH, fixes thy immortal Name,
The Muse's Darling, and the Boast of Fame:
No greater Virtues on Record shall stand,
Than thus with Arts to grace, with Wealth enrich

And Nature trace in Paths before untrod;
The fmiling Offspring from her Womb remove,
And with her Entrails glad the Realms above.

O Youth, referv'd by more auspicious Fase, with sam'd Improvements to ablige the State. By Wars impov'rish'd, Albien mourns no more, I hy well-wrought Mines sorbid Her to be rear. MidEarth, thy Great Erchequer, ready lies, Which all Detects of failing Funds supplies:

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Thy Old Kings in Counce Camps have done; colls, II brought hee back They won.

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ON

In Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

Again Munica Wases Fe Fasilian Lord:

By Mr. PRIOR.

Written in the Tear 1692. and not inserted in the Late Edition of his Poems.

As nor to melt at Beautig Tears, nor follow 'Va-

In the Lethargic Sleep, the fad Repose,

By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,

Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes?

(a) Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati

Robustus acri Militià Puer

Condiscat, & Parthos feroces

Vexet eques metuendus hastà.

Or Wake, degenerate Isle, or Cease to own
What Thy Old Kings in Gallick Camps have done;
The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns
[They won.

WILLIAM, (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;

Thy Father to the Field is gone :

Again MARIA Weeps Her absent Lord;

For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.

Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet Alarm'd?

When WILLIAM Fights, dare they look tamely on,

So flow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,

As nor to melt at Beauties Tears, nor follow Va[lour's Sword?
[lour's Sword?]

In the Leibaser Sleep, the tat Repole,

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,
Her Vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:
The Foggs around Her Temples are Dispell'd;
Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd Belgia stand

Venez eques metuendas baltis.

Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
Her Lions Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in
Her Lions Roaring by Her Side, Her Hand;

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And Blushing to have been so long withheld,
Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field:

(b) Henceforth Her Youth shall be inur'd to bear

Hazardous Toil and Active War: The Hazardous Toil and Active War: The Tand To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat, A Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat; And only Grieve in Winter's Camps to find, Its Days too short for Labours They design'd:

All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to Watch;

All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the [Breach;

And all the rugged Paths to tread,
Where WILLIAM and His Virtue lead.

CHEEL PRES DASPERSHIPS

⁽b) Vitamque sub Dio de trepidis agat In rebus.

Prepar'd to esecution common Lord's Command: Ter Lions Rocking by Elen Side, Her Arrows in

(a) Silence is the Soul of War:

Deliberate Counsel must prepare The Mighty Work, which Valour must compleat: Thus WILLIAM Rescu'd, thus Preserves the State: Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare: As whilf his Cannon just prepar'd to Breathe the Wavenging Anger and Swift Death, o theirs In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow, no but

And now too late the Dying Foe 1 2780 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow; So whilst in WILLIAM's Breast ripe Counsels lie, Secret and fure as Brooding Fate, No more of His Design appears Than what Awakens Gallia's Fears; And (the Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)

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⁽c) Est og sideli tuta silentie Merces, &c.

Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

he Sun ablent, with full Sway the Moon selberate Countel var pyegare ns the Hes, and rules the Waves alone:

On Norman Coasts and Banks of frighted Seine,

Lo! the Impending Storms begin

Britannia fafely thro' her Master's Sea Walley

Plows up her Victorious Way. South Paul T

The French Salmqueus throws his Bolts in vain,

Whilst the true Thunderer afferts the Main:

'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire.

Swift Victory in Vengeful Flames

Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous [Names:

They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,

And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast

Are but fad Marks to shew the rest are

All this the Mild, the Beauteons Quantal done,

Latte Lonem quem cenenta .

For reeding ratio in cades.

And WILLIAM's fofter Half shakes Le hrone:

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MARIA does the Sea command. Whilst Gallia flies her Husband's Arms by Land, So, the Sun absent, with full Sway the Moon Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone: So June thunders when her Jove is gone. 10 Britannia! loofe thy Ocean's Chains, 10.1 Whilft Ruffell strikes the Blow Thy Queen ordains: Thus Rescued, thus Rever'd, for ever stand And Blefs the Counfel, and Reward the Hand. and Io Britannia! thy MARIA Reigns, som add filldW Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his I leets retire,

(d) From MART's Conquetts, and the Refeud Main,

Swife Victory in VerYolul Flames

Let France look forth to Sambre's armed Shore,

Illum ex menibus hosticis A bel 300 oth Matrona bellantis Tyranni Prospiciens, of adulta virgo it blind and alit IIA Suspiret, ebeu! ne rudis agminum Sponfus lacessat regius asperam Tachu leonem' quem cruenta . Per medias rapit ira Cades.

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And boast her Joy for WILLIAM's Death no [more.

He lives; let France confess, the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which That One of Lewis' many Wives,
Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthrall'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
Shall o're the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high

Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with Prophetick Sorrow cry:
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lyon's gen'rous Rage;
The rav'nous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's flight,

ALLES & JUSTES OF PROJECTIVE HORAN

So wife previt and the Juvenia.

Politibus timidogne tergo.

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MMI

As Lewis to unequal Arms defy

Yon' Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory,

Just triumphing o're Rebel rage restrain'd,

And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.

See! all yon' dusty Fields quite cover'd o're

With Hostil Troops, and ORANGE at their Head,

ORANGE destin'd to compleat

The great Designs of lab'ring Fate,

ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:

He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,

Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallick Throne,

Why does despair provoke his Age to sight?

As well the Wolf may venture to engage

Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingl'd Heat, Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing, (e)

2A

E

⁽e) Dulce of decorum est pro patria mori,
Mors of sugacem prosequitur Virum
Nec parcit imbellus Juventa
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

Impatient to secure a base Retreat :

Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,

For the vile privilege to breathe,

To live with shame in dread of glorious Death.

In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear,

She follows hard, and strikes Him in the Rear,

Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the ground,

His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;

Whilst thro' the siercest Troops, and thickest Press,

Virtue carries on Success;

Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguisht Brave, And Armies cannot hurt, whom Angels save.

On the wealt Basis of the Tyrane's Praise:

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives, (f)
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives;

(e)

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(f) Virtus repulsa nescia sordida
Intaminatis sulget honoribus
Nec ponit aut sumit secures
Arbitrio popularis aura.

Eneas

Aneas suffer'd, and Achilles sought, and Achilles sought, and The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's Thought, or Virgil's Majesty, and Homer's Rage, and

Had ne're like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age;

Whilst Lewis then his rising Terror drowns

With Drum's Alarms, and Trumpet's Sounds,

Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,

From Danger as from Honour far,

He bribes close Murder against open War:

In vain you Gallick Muses strive will

With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;

Your mould'ring Monuments in vain ye raife

On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:

Your Songs are fold, your Numbers are Prophane,

Nes panit sut jumit fective

Arbitrio populo il aura.

'Tis Incense to an Idol giv'n,

Meat offer'd to Prometheus Man,

That had no Soul from Heav'n.

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Against his Will you chain your frighted King I W

On rapid Rhine's divided Bed ;

And mock your Hero, whilst ye Sing

The Wounds for which he never bled;

Falshood does Poyson on your Praise diffuse,

And Lewis Fear gives Death to Boileau's Muse.

Forc'd not the faithful Hery from his Helm;

On its own Worth True Majesty is rear'd,

And Virtue is her own Reward,

With folid Beams and Native Glory bright,

She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light;

True to Her felf, and fix'd to inborn Laws,

Nor funk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,

She from Her fettled Orb looks calmly down,

On Life or Death, a Prison or a Crown.

ft

When bound in double Chains poor Belgia lay,

To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey,

R

Whilft

Whilft One Good Man buoy'd up Her finking [State,

And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind;
When Storms let loose, and raging Seas
Just ready the torn Vessel to o'rewhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm;
Nor all the Syren Songs of suture Peace,
And dazling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,

Cou'd lure his stubborn Virtue down;
But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He

To that which was severely good;
Then, had no Trophies justifi'd his Fame,
No Poet bless'd his Song with NASSAU's
[Name,

Virtue alone did all that Honour bring, don't And Heav'n as plainly pointed out The KING,

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and As when He at the Altar flood, is mill on I

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In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
Whilst at His Feet Religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what We there Adore.

'Reflor'd the debioxXI ight again,

When His Troops falter'd, Gopt not He between;

Say; Joyful Maeze, and Boyne's Victorious Flood,
(For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)
When WILLIAM's Armies pass'd, did He retire,
Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire?
Could He believe His Person was too dear?
Or use His Greatness to conceal His Fear?
Could Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless Hero move?
Arm'd with Heav'ns Justice, and His People's Love;
Thro' the first Waves He wing'd His Vent'rous Way

And on the Adverse Shore arose, (Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)

Like the great Ruler of the Day,
With Strength and Swiftness mounting from the Seas:

R 2

Like

Like Him, all Day He Toil'd; but long in Night
The God had eas'd His weary'd Light,
E're Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,
Or WILLIAM's Labours found Repose.

When His Troops falter'd, stept not He between; Restor'd the dubious Fight again,

Mark'd out the Coward that durst fly,

And led the fainting Brave to Victory?

Still as She fled Him, did He not o'retake

Her doubtful Course, still brought Her bleeding [back?

By His keen Sword did not the Boldest fall?

Was He not King, Commander, Soldier, All—

His Dangers such, as, with becoming Dread,

His Subjects yet unborn shall Weep to Read;

And were not those the only Days, that e're

The Pious Prince refus'd to hear

His Friends Advices, or His Subjects Pray'r.

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With to the sleet to wit their Priery did Jerry Night

Wheree're old Rhine his fruitful Water turns,

Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns;

To Belgia's sav'd Dominions, and the Sea,

Whose righted Waves rejoice in WILLIAM's Sway,

Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,

Here Holland Prosper'd, for here OR ANGE Fought,

Thro' Rapid Waters, and thro' flying Fire:

Here rush'd the Prince, Here made whole France [retire.——

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e-

By diff'rent Nations be this Valour bleft, it exold

In diff'rent Languages confest,

And then let Shannon speak the rest:

Let Shannon speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,

When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,

And only ask'd some Lives to bribe Her o're.

The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,

With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,

And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,

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With

With so much Pow'r such Piety did join, As made a Persect Virtue soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before, and lifted Shannon's Waves o're those of Boyne.

Whole righted Waves rether in WILL I AM's Sway,

To Belgia's fav'd Dominions, and the Sea,

Nor do his Subjects only share a said at The Prosp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign; His Enemies approve the Pious War,

Which, with their Weapon, takes away their [Chain:

More than his Sword, His Goodness firikes his

They Bless his Arms, and Sigh they must op[pose.

Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
And tis for Man's Delight that He is Great!
Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
If He were more a Victor, or a Friend:
So much his Courage and his Mercy strive;
He Wounds, to Cure; and Conquers, to Forgive.

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XII. Ye

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B

Above or Envy's Lath, or Rortune's Wheel,
That fettl'd Glory-HK for ever dwell,

Ye Heroes, that have Fought your Country's and Italian and teach and Cause, Redress'd Her Injuries, or Form'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,
Assist the Pious Muse, and hear Her Swear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But solid Story, and severest Truth, and all
That WILLIAM Treasures up a Greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can Boast and no base.

He did from His Fore Fathers take, W
He has improved, and gives with Intrest backenide
And in His Constellation does united for mode.

Their featter'd Rays of Fainter Lights for

Nor let bine Tooksors and all that Ancient Stock of Family 191

Tell 'em hous're, the King can yet Forgive

Oviso (4) Virtus recludens immeritis Mori valing rish! Cœlum, negata tentat iter vi i

Ovil Catusque vulgares Goudamis de but A

Spernit humum fugiente penna.

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Above

Above or Envy's Lash, or Fortune's Wheel,

That settl'd Glory shall for ever dwell,

Above the Rolling Orbs, and common Sky, I of Where nothing comes that e're shall Die.

Where nothing comes that e're shall Die.

To my Adventious South Witness bear,

Where roves the Mule . Where, thoughtless to rewhere, thoughtless to rething its no Poet's Thought, no Hight of Youth,

Is her thort-livid Vesselborn, 1012 bild 108

By Potent Winds too subject to be tost 211W tail I

And in the Sea of WILLIAM's Praises lost a made.

Nor let Her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore,

Where our abandon'd Youth She sees I

Shipwrack'd in Luxury, and lost in Ease; i and all Whom nor Britannia's Danger can alarm, of both

Nor WILLIAM's Exemplary Virtue warm!

Tell 'em howe're, the King can yet Forgive

Their guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,

And let their wounded Honour live:

Speinit bunnen fugiente penza.

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But sure and sudden be their just Remorfe;

Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its

[Course; (b)

For the for certain Years, and destin'd Times,

Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;

The Jove seem'd Negligent of Human Cares,

Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs;

His Justice now Demands the Equal Scales,

Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth Prevails:

Fate its Great Ends by slow Degrees Attains,

And Europe is Redeem'd, and WILLIAM Reigns.

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e,

(h) Sape Diespiter

Neglestus incesto addidit Integrum

Raro antecedentem Scelestum

Deservit Pede pæna Glaudo,

CHALDS CHAIN AT X CENTRALLY ANTHOUGH HIS

Mesergare and can you for grange all

inty Sloth, their Homage vet Receive,

But fure and sudden be their just Remorfe;

Merit Iband comes Wish That I Cares.

Nor scourged our Follies, nor return d our Pray'rs

Fair Sulan did her Wifebood well mense

[tain

Algates allaulted tore by Leachers twain

But and I rede aright thilk auncient Song The Paramours were ould, the Dame was

[pong.

Row had thilk Tale in other Buile been more added in Integral Wellen, where which added in Selection and the Could,

Had they been youg pardie, and the been [ould,

That by St. Kit had been much fozer Cryall, Full marbeillous, I wot, were fuch Denyall.

A D-

ADVICE to Mr. PORE,

On his intended Translation of Homer's

Thou, who with a Happy Genius born,

Can'st tuneful Verse in slowing Numbers
[turn,

Crown'd on thy Windsor's Plains with Early Bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren Praise.
Blind was the Bard that sung Achilles' Rage,
He sung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving Age;
If Britain his translated Song wou'd hear,
First take the Gold—then charm the list'ning Ear,
So shall thy Father Homer smile to see

His Pension pay'd, tho' late, and pay'd to Thee.

And gath ring Sound, in firtly Murmurs ran; Not like the Voices at a Nuprial Feath,

odiT fuch as Arms, and angry War express d.

The Battel of Perseus and Phineus:

a fuch Confusion was the Banquet loft.

From the Fifth Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

Persons, who was Jupiter's Son by Danae, having deliver'd Andromeda from the Sea-Monster to whom
She was expos'd, She is given to him in Marriage.
At the Nuptial Feast he relates his Encounter with
Medusa, whose Head he cut off, and wore in his
Shield. He had scarcely ended the Story, when
Phineus, the Uncle of Andromeda, to whom She
had been contracted, attacks Persons in Revenge of
the Loss of his Bride, and the Friends on both Sides
engage in the Quarrel.

And to th' admiring Court his Fortunes did unfold,
A noify Tumult in the Hall began,
And gath'ring Sound, in furly Murmurs ran;
Not like the Voices at a Nuptial Feast,
But such as Arms, and angry War express'd.

By our Affilesions thus to enear your e

In fuch Confusion was the Banquet lost,

As peaceful Seas by sudden Tempests tos't.

Phineus, advancing first, began the War. With mad Design, and shook his shining Spear; Then thus: Behold, with Vengeance I purfue The Rape intended, and my Right renew. Not flitting Wings, nor the fallacious Tale Of Golden Fove, Thee, Dastard, shall avail. Cepheus observ'd him as the Dart he aim'd, What Fury, Brother, loudly he exclaim'd, Provokes this impious Deed? Is this the way, These the Rewards such Merits to repay? Is this the grateful Dow'r you feek to give The Man who did my Daughter's Life retrieve? Not Perseus, but the Horned Ammon's Reign, Sowre Neptune, and the Monster of the Main, Which fought my haples Offspring for his Prey, From thy Embrace have fnatch'd the Bride away;

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She then was lost to you, when doom'd to die;
But that's a Spectacle you'd view with Joy;
By our Afflictions thus to chear your own,
And in our common Grief your Sorrows drown.
You saw her chain'd, and did the Chains allow;
And tho' her plighted Spouse, and Uncle too,
Ne're offer'd to redeem: And will you grieve,
Because another did that Succour give?
Will you destraud him of his rightful Prize?
Will you destraud him of his rightful Prize?
Had it appear'd so lovely in your Eyes,
Then was the Time your Valour to have shown,
And from the Rocks releas'd, have made your lown.

Be now the rescu'd Bride to him restor'd,
Who holds from Merit, and my plighted Word;
To him, who sav'd my sinking Age in her;
I chose him not, nor did to thee preser,
But to th' inevitable Death so near.

She

wenid thy Embrace have fnatch'd the Bride away

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Phineus, without Reply, look'd sternly round
On both, in doubt on whom to fix the Wound.
Then, with what Force his Malice cou'd supply,
He let the pointed Lance at Perseus fly;
Frustrate it drove within the Royal Bed,
Th' avenging Prince sprung from the Couch with
[Speed,

And back return'd the flying Spear again,

And by the flying Spear the Sender had been

But flunk behind an Altar's Frame for fear, visvo I

He lay unworthily defended there, gniwors bal

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eus

Th' unerring Weapon, with such Fury thrown,

Cut deep in Rhætus' Front, and pierc'd the Riven

He fell, and broke the Jav'lin from the Wound, And, quiv'ring, spurns the reeking Gore around.

And now the Commons, with Revenge inspir'd, Join in the Fray, and some to Death requir'd

Expert from dar to speed the rulaing Dart,

Good

Good Cepheus, with his Son : But he, with Care, Had left the growing Tumult of the War; Religious of his Faith, disclaims the Fight, And calls the Gods to witness to his Right.

Pallas was there, who with her Shield's Defence, Secur'd from Harm, and fires her Brother Prince. And Indian Athis, whom not long before The Nymph Lymnate, sprung from Ganges, bore Below the Waves, if Fame the Truth express, Lovely his Form, and elegant his Drefs : hall the And growing, now his Sixteenth Year he try'd; A Tyrian Scarf he wore with comely Pride, und And round his render Loins a Golden Belt he

His fnowy Neck is bright with Chains of Gold, And moist with Myrrhe his Locks blue Fillets fold: Expert from far to speed the rushing Dart, And knew to bend the Bow, with better Art ! wall in the Fray, and fome to Death requir'd

Good

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But while he drew the Horns, a flaming Brand

Perseus from th' Altar caught, and arm'd his Hand,

And with the Leaver strongly striking down,

Crush'd his fair Face within the pounded Bone.

Affyrian Lycabas, with Pity view'd
Th' illustrious Boy in his own Blood imbru'd:
His ardent Lover, with a Zeal sincere,
He still attended, and was ever near.
And now with Tears he mourn'd his Athis dead,
Then snatch'd his ready Bow, and thus he said;
Inhuman Chief! on me your Valour show,
Nor boast the Trophies of so young a Foe,
Which, forc'd by me, you quickly shall forego.
So mean a Conquest ne're can purchase Fame,
But Envy, Hate, and is the Victor's Shame.
Scarcely he spoke, when he dispatch'd the Dart,
It reach'd the Garment, tho' it miss'd the Heart;

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But Perfeus quick unsheath'd his shining Sword. Foul with Medufa's Blood, the Blade his Bosom [bor'd.

The Shades of Night swim sickly o're his Eyes, Dying, he fought where his lov'd Athis lies, And falling on him, did below relate The pleasing News of their united Fate.

As fi'ry Phorbas, and Amphimedon, Eager t'engage the War, came rushing on, The flipp'ry Pavement, moist with Human Gore, Deceiv'd their Feet, and laid them on the Floor: The Sword forbad their Rife; it pierc'd the Sides Of proud Amphimedon, and Phorbas' Throat di-

But luckless Erythis, who proudly rear'd A Battel-Ax, a diff rent Fortune shar'd: For Perseus snatching up a Cup of Cost, With Figures roughly prominent, emboss't, Full on his Crown the pond'rous Mazer tos't.

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He vomits out a Stream of ruddy Gore,
And knocks his Head supine upon the Floor.
Then Polydemon sell, who drew his Line
From fair Semiramis; and Abarin,
Lycetus, Elycen with Locks unshorn,
Phlegias and Clytus take their fatal Turn.
The Prince the Palace with their Bodies spread,
A bloody Heap, and tramples on the Dead:
While Phineus keeps aloof, and shuns his Foe,
He brandishes his Spear, prepar'd to throw,
The wand'ring Weapon peaceful Ida try'd,
Who Neuter stood in vain, nor sought on either [Side.

Since, with a stern, distorted Look, he said,

Me in your Broils a Partner you have made,

Prove what a Foe I am, and here repay

With Wounds the Wound you gave: He made Es
[say

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es.

He

To draw the heavy Weapon from the Wound,
But, faint with Loss of Blood, sunk grov'ling on
[the Ground.

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Odites

Odites by Clymeneus' Sword was flain, The first in Honour of the Royal Train. Hypseus Protenor slew, and Lyncides Slew Hypseus next. Amid the noify Press Was old Emathion feen; with pious Fear The Gods he worshipp'd, and a Heart sincere; Still just, and still observant of the Right; And fince his cumb'rous Years forbad the Fight, He battel'd with his Tongue, and cry'd from far Against their Arms, and curs'd their impious War. But closely round an Altar as he clung, and add And with his trembling Arms upon it hung, Fierce Chromis lopp'd his Head, and lopp'd so well, The jointed Head upon his Altar fell; And gasping, curs'd amidst the curling Fires, And in a shining Blaze at last expires. a draw the beavy Weapon from the Wound

owT faint with Lofs of Blood. find moving or

Sol dale'd it thro his Shull: He rule'd to Ground

Two Brothers, who did Iron Gauntlets wield,

Proteus and Ammon, matchless in the Field,

(If pointed Swords must to the Gauntlet yield,)

Phineus dispatch'd, with Ceres Sacred Priest,

His hollow Temples with white Fillets dress'd:

And thou, Cælestial Bard, whose founding Lyre,

Unus'd to horrid War, did smiling Peace inspire,

Call'd to provoke the Chear with Genial Song,

Did'st touch thy Harp unarm'd amid the Throng.

But bloody Pettalus cry'd, laughing, Go,

And play thy marry Notes to Ghosts below;

And his Left Temple pierc'd with one malicious

[Blow.

Falling, the Strings his trembling Fingers found,
And temper'd as he dy'd a Lamentable Sound.

tive Lauce obliquely with a mostal Would

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Not unreveng'd his Death Lycormas bore, From the right Beam a sturdy Rail he tore,

And

And dash'd it thro' his Skull: He rush'd to Ground,
Just like an Ox beneath the Butcher's Wound.
While Pelates attempts to rend the next,
Corythas' driving Dart his Hand transfixt,
And pinion'd to the Wood; and Abas' Sword
Enter'd his fenceless Side, and deeply bor'd.
He sell not with the Wound, but sasten'd there,
Suspended from the Beam, his Soul expired in [Air.

Did't couch the Fern unarmid and the Throng

Then Melaneus, who chose the Prince's Side,
And Wealthy Dorilas, in Battel dy'd:
Rich Dorilas, than whom there none was found
With Spatious Tenements more amply crown'd,
Who swell'd his crowded Barns with better Stores,
Or fill'd with larger Crops of Grain his Floors.
The Lance obliquely with a mortal Wound,
Sunk in his Groin; and when the Victor found
His Soul just ebbing, and his swimming Eyes
Rolling in Death, insultingly he cries;

This fingle Spot, which with your Corfe you [press.

And left him breathless. - Perfeus snatch'd the Dart From the warm Wound, and with successful Art, Transsix'd his Nose and Neck; the biting Spear, Before, behind, did equally appear.

While Fortune's Favour did his Strokes pursue, Clytus and Clanis, Two fair Twins, he slew:

Their Fate was diff'rent; for the former lies

With the sharp Lance transpiere'd thro' both his [Thighs,]

in ir.

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This

Thro' Clanis' op'ning Mouth the fatal Jav'lin flies.

And Celadon, and Astreus next expire;

Hebrew his Mother, but unknown his Sire.

Ethion, who cou'd future Fates foretel;

But his Art failing, the fond Augur fell.

Agyrtes, whom foul Paricide did stain,

And the King's Page, Thoastes, pres'd the Plain.

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The

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The more he flew, the more the Troops in[crease

Against the Hero, and in Numbers press.

In Swarms they join; all sworn to seek his Death,

Against his Merit, and their plighted Faith.

The pious Father, and the tender Bride,

With the sad Mother savour'd Perseus' Side;

They pray'd for his Success, with pitying Eyes,

And fill'd the Court with Screams and clam'rous
[Cries:

The Din of clashing Arms their Clamours drown'd,
And Groans of wounded Men, expiring on the
[Ground.

The fainting Fight Bellona still renew'd, And in the Blood the Household Gods imbru'd.

Now Phineus and his Band the Prince enclose, And each his Dart with eager Fury throws;

Western his allothers the unknown his Sire.

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As thick the Storm of thronging Jav'lins flies,

As rattling Hail descends from wint'ry Skies,

And rings about his Sides, his Ears and Eyes.

Behind a Pillar's Breadth he shields his Back,

And thus secur'd, sustains the Foe's Attack.

Chaonian Molpeus, from the Lest, the Fight

Urg'd, and Ethemon press'd him on the Right.

Since to my Meeds require a Niv St

As when a Tyger, scow'ring on his Way,
Hears from two diff'rent Cotes the bleating Prey,
Distracted in his Choice, his Grinders churn,
On both he'd rush, on both his Fury turn:
So Perseus fares; and on the Lest and Right,
Doubtful on which to bore, maintain'd the Fight.
Molpeus disabl'd, sled, and unpursu'd;
Ethemon sir'd, no Stop nor Stay allow'd;
But aiming at his Neck a surious Stroke,
Unequal to his Strength, the Blade in Pieces [broke,

18

And from the Beam, a Fragment of the Sword Rebounding back, its Muster's Weazon bor'd; Yet, not dispatch'd, he lifts his Hands to pray, But the sharp Sword prevents him in his way.

thus keeped, infining the Fores Attack

When Perseus found true Valour over-laid By Multitude: Why then my Foes shall aid, Since fo my Needs require : My Friends beware, Avert your Eyes, he said, nor turn them here; And faying, Gorgon's Snaky Head did rear. Vain Aid, fuch Miracles are lost on us. Nor move the Mind, cry'd furious Thescelus ? But while he stood in very Act to throw, Fix'd with his offer'd Dart, he did a Marble grow. Amphix fucceeds his Friend, and eager press'd. And push'd his Sword at bold Lyncides' Breast; His Arm was stiffen'd in the Thrust, and stay'd In the Mid Pass, nor further Motion made. Nilens, who boasts from Sevenfold Nile his Race, His ample Shield the Sevenfold Channels grace;

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Part wrought in paler Silver, and the reft live of In Gold were cast, and handsomely express'd. Know, Prince, he cry'd, our Lineage; and below_ Among the filent Chofts contented go, accorded Since you receive from me the fatal Blow. So spoke the vaunting Youth : The latter Sound Dy'd in the Birth, nor perfect Paffage found: He gapes for issuing Words, but gapes in vain, Choak'd in the Stone, the Words unform'd remain.

Enrag'd at the Defeat, no Gorgon's Head, But Fear congeals your Hearts, fierce Eryx faid, Come, join, my Friends; and spite of boasted Charms, We'll slay the Youngster with his Magick Arms. In Start to run, the Ground his Feet detain'd. The Champion motionless a Stone remain'd. These justly fell. But as Aconteus fought On Perseus' Side, unwarily he caught The Gorgon in his View: The Snakes beheld, In a hard Quarry the chang'd Man congeal'd.

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So

So well the Shape the heedless Eye deceiv'd,

Astronomy mistook, and thought he liv'd.

With his long Sword he lash'd and hew'd around,

The forceful Blows against the Statue sound.

Amazement seiz'd on the deluded Foe,

And as he star'd, he did a Statue grow;

The staring Statue do's his Admiration show.

The Commons Names were tedious to re-

Two Hundred had surviv'd the Fatal Fight,
Two Hundred now were Images to Sight.

Phineus too late repents his impious War;

Of all deserted, no kind Succours near.

He look'd, and saw the various Figures stand,

And soon he knew them for his former Band;

He call'd them to his Rescue, and prepar'd,

Faithless, to touch; he touch'd, and sound them

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Then, in a mortal Fright, averts his Eyes, Upholds his folded Hands, and thus he cries; 'Tis thine; the Conquest's thine; I tamely yield: But oh, I beg, take hence thy Gorgon Shield. Not Thirst of Empire urg'd me to the Fight, Nor, grudging at thy Lot, repining Spite: 'Twas Beauty caus'd the War; and th' am'rous Charms Of the Fair Bride provok'd my guilty Arms. Thy Claim in Merit did by far exceed; Mine had Priority of Time to plead. I grieve that I oppos'd thy better Right, And impioufly began th' unhappy Fight. Give, Hero, but my Life, I all refign; But Life I ask; the Rest be wholly thine. Anxious he begg'd, nor dar'd to lift his Eyes, When the fierce Prince disdainfully replies; Take what I can, and this I can bestow, And to thy Dastard Soul a mighty Bounty too.

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264 Poems upon several Occasions.

Dismiss thy empty Fears, and rest secure;
No Steel shall violate thy Body more.

A lasting Monument I'll fix thee here,
Thy promis'd Spouse still with thy Sight to chear.

He said; and as he spoke, the Snakes he held
Where trembling Phineus turn'd to shun the Shield.
He went to catch away; his stiffen'd Neck
Was sudden stay'd; his Eyes in Marble stick.
The Marble Man a trembling Mouth displays,
A fearful Look, invoking wanted Grace,
With Hands submiss, and a dejected Face.

Give, Hero, but my Life, I alk rollest

for Life I ask ; the Reft Le wholf thine.

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lowings he lade to trans you all persons to be severed

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To a Beautiful LADY Playing on the ORGAN.

W Hen fam'd Cacilia on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving Sounds the tune[ful Frame,

Drawn by the Charm, to hear the Sacred Maid, From Heav'n, 'tis said, a list'ning Angel came.

Thus Ancient Legends wou'd our Faith abuse;
In vain—for were the bold Tradition true,
While your harmonious Touch that Charm renews,
Again the Seraph wou'd appear to You.

O Happy Fair! in whom with purest Light
Virtue's united Beams with Beauty's shine!
Shou'd Heav'nly Guests descend to bless our Sight,
What Form more Lovely cou'd they wear than
[thine?

266 Poems upon several Occasions.

To the Memory of Mr. MILTON.

HOMER's Description of Himself, under the Character of Demodocus the Musician, at the Feast of King Alcinous.

From the Eighth Book of the Odysses.

By Mr. Hughes.

HE Muse with Transport lov'd Him; yet to see the serious Lot, She blended Good with Ill; Depriv'd Him of his Eyes, but did impart The Heav'nly Gift of Song, and all the tuneful Art.

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Poems upon Several Occasions.

267

Te Gor's ! how Great, how Glorious it's to fee

Praises of HE ROOF CRUIN THE TUE.

Then let him draw his Sword, and take the Field,

Inscrib d' to General Stanhope.

By the Same Hand.

on Darre and lighting Foes, at Home inglorious [dies ;

Spartan Youths! what fascinating Charms briefly sour Blood? why rust your briefly and grow but fidle Atms?

When with awaken'd Courage will You go,

And Minds reford, to meet the threat ning Foe ?

What! shall our vile Lethargick Sloth betray

To greedy Neighbours an unguarded Prey?

Or can You see their Armies rush from far,

And fit Secure amidst the Rage of War?

T

Ye.

Poems upon several Occasions 268

Ye Gods! how Great, how Glorious 'tis to fee The Warrior-Hero fight for Liberty. For his Dear Children for his Tender Wife 1079 For all the Valu'd Joys, and Soft Supports of

Then let him draw his Sword, and take the Field,

And fortify his Breaft behind the Spacious Shield, Nor fear to die; in vain You shun your Fate,

Nor can You shorten, nor prolong its Date; For Life's a measur'd Race, and He that flies

From Darts and fighting Foes, at Home inglorious Idies ;

Spartan Youths! what falcinating Cherry; bearing Crowds his Obsequies attend; But all applaud and weep the Soldier's End,

Who, desperately brave, in Fight sasteins niw ned W Inflicted Wounds, and Honourable Stains, build but And falls a Sacrifice to Glory's Charms:

But if a just Success shall crown his Arms, To greedy Esighbours an unguarded Prey?

for an You fee their Armies ruft from far,

And fit Secure amidft the Rage of War ?

For his Return the Rescu'd People wait,

To see the Guardian Genius of the State;

With Rapture viewing his Majestick Face,

His Dauntless Mien, and ev'ry Martial Grace,

They'll bless the Toils He for their Safety bore,

Admire Him living, and when dead adore.

By the Same Hand.

t a Erless d Banch of Pennysj, is emzeranial to a Erless d Bancquet a see Course of Alexandria, by Clooper and the Thing King her Backer: On also we the Thing the Back after the following I Back that

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Hour New Ly Carroling Gods revere

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Description of the River N 1 1 E.

From the Tenth Book of Lucan's Pharfalia.

danie Him Living, and when dead sclore.

The it me poor named in the

By the Same Hand.

Cæsar, after the Death of Pompey, is entertain'd at a Splendid Banquet in the Court of Alexandria, by Cleopatra and the Toung King her Brother: On which Occasion, the Poet introduces the following Description.

A T length, the Tumult of the Banquet o're,
When fated Luxury requir'd no more,

Cafar protracts the filent Hours of Night,
And turning to Achoreus cloth'd in White

High on a Lofty Couch—Say, Holy Seer I

Whose hoary Age thy Guardian Gods revere

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Poems upon several Occasions. 271

Devoted to their Rites! Wilt thou relatered of The Rife and Progress of the Pharian State, Describe the Land's Extent, what Humours sway The People's Minds, and to what Pow'rs you pray, What Customs keep, and what Devotion pay. Whate're your Ancient Monnments contain, Produce to Light, and willing Gods explain. If Plate once obtain'd a like Request, I side! To whom your Sires their Myflick Rites confest. This let me boaft, perhaps you have not here A meaner Guelt, or les judicious Ear. Fame of my Rival led me first, tis true, to the To Ægypt's Coast, yet join'd with Fame of You. I ftill had vacant Hours amidft my Wars, To read the Heav'ns, and to review the Stars; Henceforth all Kalendars must yield to mine, And ev'n Endoxus shall the Palm refign. But more than all, the Love of Truth, which fires My glowing Breast, an ardent Wish inspires,

T 3

272 Poems upon several Occasions.

To learn, what num'rous Ages ne're cou'd know, Your River's Source, and Causes of its Flow, and Indulge my Hope Nile's Secret Birth to view, look No more in Arms I'll Civil Strife pursue cos and I

He mus'd: Then thus Achereus made Reply War Ye Rev'rend Shades of our Great Ancestry blood While I to Cresar Nature's Works explain, and The And open Stores yet hid from Eyes prophage. The Be it no Crime your Secrets to reveal the state of the Such mighty Truths; I think the Gods design'd Works such as these to pass all Human Kind.

And teach the wond'ring World their Laws and Heav'nly Mind.

At Nature's Birth, avarious Powle was given.

To various Stars, that crofs the Poles of Heaven,

And flack the Rolling Sphere. With Sov'reign
[Rays,

The Sun divides the Months, the Nights and Days,

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Fixed in his Orb, the wand ring Course restrains Of other Stars, and the great Dance ordains. The changeful Moon intends th' alternate Tides. Saturn o're Ice and Snowy Zones presides; Mars rules the Winds, and the wing'd Thunder weeves Sun-burn Skins decl reloves is a Sky ference, and temprate Airly on ted T Their growing solds of Life's are Venus Kindly [Air.] Care. O're foreading Streams, Cyllelinus, is thy Reign, And when that Pare of Prical not altaling Where Cancer with the Lyon mingles Rays, And Sirius all his firy Rage displays.

And Sirius all his firy Rage displays.

Beneath whose hot Survey, deep in his Bed,

Beneath whose hot Survey, deep in his Bed,

And Sirius and Tillia and Till Obscur'd from Sight, old Nilus veils his Head. When thou from thence, in thy Coelestial Course, Ruler of Floods, dost strike the River's Source,
The conscious Streams break out, and flowing,
[soon

Obey thy Call, as Ocean does the Moon;

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Nor

Poems upon Several Occasions.

Nor check their Tide, till Night has from the Sun Regain'd those Hours th' advancing Summer won

The changeful Moon intends the alternate Tules. Vain was the Faith of old, that melted Snow

From Athiopian Hills produced this flow star smill For let the Natives Sun-burnt Skins declare,

That no bleak North breaths wing any Tempel's therest

But Vapours from the South policis the parching

Befides, fuch Torrents us by Spows increased or O Pegin to swell when Spring does first release but

Those frazen Stores in Milaturire provoles this

Till the hot Dog-Star shoot his angry Beams.

Nor then resumes his Banks, till Libra weighs.

In equal Scale the measured Nights and Dogs.

In equal Scale the measur'd Nights and Days.

Hence He the Laws of other Streams declines,

Nor flows in Winter, when at distance shines The mod rate Sun; commanded to repair

In Summer's Heat, to cool th'intemperate Air-

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When forch'd Siene feels her Cancer's Fire ; Then, lest the World, consum'd in Flame, expire, Nile to lts Aid his wat ry Forces draws, and all And swells against the Lion's burning Jaws, Molltoling the Plains, till Phabas lare defcellds To Autumn's cooler Couch, and Meroe's Shade ex-Who can the Cattle of flich great Changes read? Ev'n fo our Parent Nature had decreed Nite's conftant Courie, and fo the World has need. Then Pa and Carges roll their fmother'll Waves As vainly too Antiquity applyed out out good Th' Etefian Winds to raife this wond rous Tide, Which blow ar frated Scaloris of the Year 120 10%

For fevral Days, and long possess the Air; Or thought vast Clouds, which driv'n before them velone think the Sea, which round all Lands ex-

Beyond the South, discharg'd the burden'd Sky On Nilus Head, and thence his Current swell'd; Or that those Winds the River's Course repell'd,

tiaco Physhus and the Stars, we fair. Which

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276 Poems upon Jeveral Occasions.

Which stopped, and press d by th entring Sea, difraish left and World, confind in Flame, expir-His Banks, and iffuing boils along the Plainson sin'A And fwells against the Frest burning Jaws, Some think vall Rores, and Gaps sing farth abound. Where Streams in filent Veins creep under Ground, Led from the chilling North the Line to meet only When pointed Beams direct on Messes beate of n'va While the parchid Earth 8 waster Successfrom 14 Then Po and Ganges roll their smother'd Waves Deep thro'the Vanles beneath nandelik lapplyed, Discharges ato Opeo Venticheir miegin Tide 1913 'n Nor can the rulling Eleod to One Brait Oldarinid (.shir) rel Days, and long possess the Air; Or thought vast Clouds, which driv'n before thee. tends beyond the Scarb, discharg'd the burden'd Sky chord stands and stand guidle has Corrent bippil sill on wills' Head, and thence has Corrent well a That Length of Course the Saltness wears away: Or thus; fince Phæbus and the Stars, we fay, Which Drink

Drink Ocean's Streams; when, near hot Cancer's [Claws,

The thirsty Sun a larger Portion draws,

That more than Air digests, attracted so,

Falls back by Night, and causes Nile to flow.

Might I in so perplex'd a Cause engage,
I think, since Nature grew Mature in Age,
Some Waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their Birth
From Veins by Arong Convulsions broke in Earth;
And some th' Almighty Architect ordain'd
Coæval with the World, and by six'd Laws re[strain'd.

The Kings of Greece, of Ægypt and the East,
Ardent like You, were with this Wish possess'd,
And ev'ry Age has labour'd to attain
The wond'rous Truth, but labour'd still in vain,
For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their Pain.

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278 Poems upon feveral Occasions.

Philip's Great Son, whose consecrated Name Memphis adores, the first in Regal Fame, Envious of this, detach'd a chosen Band, To range th' Extreme of Athiopia's Land : They pass the scorching Soil, and only view Where hotter Streams their constant Way pursue. The farthest West our great Sesoftris saw, While harness'd Kings his lofty Chariot draw, Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first At both their Springs, e're Nile obey'd his Thirst. Cambyfes, mad with Luft of Pow'r t' o're-run The long-liv'd Nations of the Riffing Sun, available To promis'd Spoils a num'rous Army led; His famish'd Soldiers on each other fed, Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great Nilus Head: Nor boafting Fame pretends to make it known; Wheree're thou flow'st, thy Spring's posses'd by And not One Land can call thee, Nile, her own.

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Poems upon several Occasions. 279

Yet what the God who did thy Birth conceal, Has giv'n to know, to Cæsar I'll reveal.

First from the Southern Pole thy Stream we

Which rolling forward with a speedy Pace,
Under hot Cancer is directly driv'n
Against Bootes' Wain, far in the North of Heav'n.
Yet winding in thy Course from East to West,
Arabia now, now Lybia's Sands are blest
With thy cool Flood; which first the Seres spy,
Yet seek thee too; thy Current, rolling by,
Thro' Æthiopia next, a Stranger, slows.
Nor can the World perceive to whom it owes
Thy Sacred Birth, which Nature hid from all,
Lest any Nation shou'd behold thee small,
And, cov'ring deep thy Infant Head, requir'd
That None shou'd find what is by All admir'd.

Yet

280 Poems upon several Occasions

Thou, by a Law to other Streams unknown,
In Summer's Solftice o're thy Banks art thrown,
And bring'st in thy full Tide a Winter of thy own.

To thee alone 'tis giv'n thy Waves to roll
Athwart the Globe, enlarg'd to either Pole;
These Nations seek thy Fountain, those wou'd trace.
Thy Gulph. With spacious Arms thou dost em-

Hot Meroe, fruitful to a Sooty Race,

And proud of Ebon Woods; yet no Retreat

Their useless Shades afford to shun th' excessive
[Heat.]

Then thro' the Regions of the scorching Sun,
Not lessen'd by his Thirst, thy Waters run.
O're barren Sands they take a tedious Course,
Now rolling in one Tide their gather'd Force;
Now wand'ring in their Way, and sprinkl'd round,
O're yielding Banks thy wanton Billows bound.

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Thy Channel here its scatter'd Troops regains,
Between th' Egyptian and Arabian Plains,
Where Philas bounds the Realm; with easy Pace
Thy slipp'ry Wayes thro' Desarts cut their Race
Where Nature by a Fract of Land divides
Our Sea, distinguish'd from the Red Sea's Tides.
Who that beholds thee here so gently flow,
Wou'd think thou ever cou'dst tempestuous grow?
But when o're rugged Cliss and Ways unev'n,
In steepy Cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
Thy rushing Wayes resisted, siercer sty,
And batter'd Froth rebounds, and sparkles thro' the
[Sky.

The Hills remurmur with the dashing Sound,

Thy Billows ride triumphant far around,

And rear their Conqu'ring Heads with hoary Ho[nours crown'd.]

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Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy Rage, And Rocks, which in our Great Forefathers Age

Were

282 Poems upon several Occasions.

Were call'd the River's Veins; because they show
His first Increase, and Symptotics of his Flow.

Vast Piles of Mountains here encompass wide

His Streams, to Lybia's thirsty Land deny did

Which thus enclosed in a deep Valley glide.

At Memphis first he lees the open Plains, and his low Banks difficient.

Then flows at large, and his low Banks difficient.

And the phis first he lees the open Plains, and his low Banks difficient.

ly rultung Waves refelled, fiercer fig.

And batter'd Froth rebounds, and frankies thro the

The Hills remark with the daffine Sound, In Billows Wet thump Mat in Larou L. And rear their Conquiring Heads with heary Holling Second of the Second
Hence foaken Abdies first feels thy Rege,

had Rocks, which in our Creat Forestthers Ago

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ÆSCULAPIUS,

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OR THE

Hospital of Fools.

By WILLIAM WALSH, Efq;

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Company of the Company Jor. mr Hokin S. S. C. L. M. P. L. V. of tomerated EN WILLIAM WALSH, Phy.

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Hospital of Foots. cell him there ... o bine a cits Difeat

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A AKE the Third Proclamation, Mer-Varieury. 1 (4 To 9" 1 . SVID D' OF WALM

MERCURT. O Yes! Whereas daily Complaints are made by all the World, of the innumerable Follies of Mankind, by reason of which they are neither happy themselves, nor will suffer others to be so: The Great Jupiter out of his Fatherly Compassion to Mankind, has fent Æsculapius to apply Medicines to them. Whoever therefore there is, that is troubled with Folly of what kind foever, let him repair hither, and he shall be cur'd without any Fee.

ASCULAPIUS.

What should be the Meaning of this? Every particular Man complains of the Follies that are in the World; and when we come hither to apply Medicines to them, there is not one Man that offers himself to be cur'd.

MERCURT.

If I might be allowed to advise Æfeulapins in Points relating to Physick, I would
tell him there is one Thing in this Disease
of Folly, different from all other Kind of
Diseases; which is, that the Men can easily
find the least Symptom of it in other People, yet there is no Man that perceives the
greatest in himself. I think it therefore advisable to make Proclamation, that every
Man should give notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with this
Disease.

ESCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you fay.

MERCURT.

O Yes! Whoever has any Relation, Friend, or Acquaintance, that is troubled with Folly of whatever Kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cur'd without any Fee.

ASCU.

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ASCULAPIUS.

See! See! What Crouds are getting together! Every Man seizes his next Neighbour, without any Deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every Man seems ready to accuse the other.

First Man.

Here Sir, I have brought you a Fool to be cur'd.

Second Man.

Pray Sir take this first for he is dange-

Third Man.

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71.

Take pity upon this, good Sir, for he has a Complication of Folly upon him.

MERCURT

Pray Gentlemen have a little Patience: You shall be all cur'd one after another.

First.

May for my part I have no occasion for my felf.

Second.

How, no occasion, Neighbour; I wish for your own sake you had not. For my Part indeed ——

Third.

Prithee, Good Neighbour, hold thy Tongue. What, Cuckolded and Henpeck'd, and pretend to be free from Folly?

(a3)

ASCU-

ESCULAPIUS.

Mercury, Keep the Crowd off with your Caduceus. And bring the Patients up in order.

USAS SUMSOMERCORT.

Stand off there Gentlemen, and do not press upon us so. Here, you old Fellow, come in here with your Patient: Make your Reverence to Æsculapius, and tell him what you would have.

Pray Sir cake inamination of the is daring

And please you, Sir; This Young Man is a Kiniman of mine. He came very young to a great Effate, half of which he has made a shift to squander away already; and he is in great Danger of doing so by the rest in a fliore time, if you do not cure him of his Folly. I have taken a great deal of Pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he cou'd not live upon his whole Estate, Task'd him how he hopes to live upon the Half? And if he spent his Estate when he was Young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was Old and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my pains." de sur la contraction de la

ASCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the Hospital; Care shall be taken of him.

Toung

Toung Man.

I defire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this Old Man or I, who have most need of your Medicines. I confess indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this Estate in pleasing my felf; and were it not a great Folly to debar my felf of Pleafure for the present Moment, which is all I am fure of, for fear of not having Means to enjoy them in a future Time, to which I have no Security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting I were certain of Life, Is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which is the only Time we are capable of Pleafure, to lay up Wealth, which we are to make use of in an Age when we are not capable of any Pleasure at all. But this Old Man, who has the Confidence to accuse me, does ten times worse. He did not only heap up Wealth all his Youth, but he continues to do so still; and the his Age, and the Infirmities of his Body, give him hourly notice that he can hardly live one Year longer, yet is he at his Usury, his Extortion, and a hundred ways to hoard up Wealth, as if he were to live ten Thousand Years.

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ESCULAPIUS.

A very palpable Folly indeed. Mercury; put him aside too.

(a4)

Toung

Toung Man.

I did not doubt Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How Friend! Does that Man's being a Fool, hinder you from being a Fool too. If it be a Folly in him to heap up Money that he can never probably live to spend; Is it not a Folly therefore in you to squander away that Money which probably you will live to want. Take care, Mercury, that they may be both put in the Hospital.

MERCURT.

It shall be done. In the mean time here are some others.

ASCULAPIUS.

Well Gentlemen, what have you to fay ? First Man.

This Sir, is a friend of mine, an honest good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a Wife who makes him the greatest Fool in Nature; and tho' she abuses him in the grossest manner imaginable, insomuch that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own House, which any Stranger sees. Here is one who has been often found with her, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ASCULAPIUS.

Well Sir, and what can you say?

All that I can say, Sir, is, that the Gentleman is a very worthy Gentleman; and his Lady a very fine Lady. He has often indeed bragg'd to me of the Happiness of a Marry'd Life. I thought the best way to find out this Happiness was in going to his Lady; who has fully convinc'd me of all her Husband said. But as I have a perfect Friendship for the Gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfy'd with his having a fine Wife, as if I had one my self.

Æ SCULAPIUS.

He has a fine time on't, the mean while.

Husband.

I confess, Sir, I have nothing to say in contradiction to these Gentlemen. All that the one says, and the other would infinuate, may be true for ought I know; nor do I think it much worth my while to enquire after it. Half the Town, the first says, laugh at me for being a Cuckold; and he would have me make it Publick that the other Half may laugh at me too. But pray let us consider how much wifer he acts: He marry'd a Wife, who by the way is not extreamly

extreamly Taking; and yet you cannot imagine what Care, what Contrivances, what cunning Stratagems, this wife Person made use of to search out a Thing which after all he did not care to find. And tho' with all his Bustle he cou'd find out nothing that really made against her, yet he has cast her off with Infamy and Shame; chiefly indeed to himself, for using a Woman ill who never gave him occasion for it. If there be so many who laugh at me for a tame Husband, let him hearken after his own Concerns, and he will find a much greater Number who rail at him for a base and ill natur'd one.

Now for this brisk Monsieur here, for this finish'd Gentleman, who can with so much Delicacy rally the poor Fools that Marry! So very Ingenious a Person, no. doubt, acts much more wisely himself. Lord, how is his Estate divided? One part upon Taylors; another upon Milliners; a third upon Perfumers; a fourth upon Perriwig-makers. All his Time fpent between the Toilet, Playhouse, Parks, and Drawing-Room. And upon what noble Design, pray, is all this Time and all this Money wasted ? Even, Gentlemen, that this most charming Person of his, may attain that with all this Cost which I receiv'd TwenTwenty Thousand Pound for doing. Wou'd his Niceness be contented with the Meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my Trencher? Truly Sir his Happiness is little more than this, I that am the Fool, come to her when I will, stay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will; while this wise Gentleman is waiting a Frosty Night under her Window, breaking his Brains for Songs and Billets for her; Bribing her Women, losing his Rest, and ventring the being abus'd, kick'd down Stairs, and having his Throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great Fools truly all Three! Is it not strange Mercury? One wou'd think every Man wife, when we hear him talk of other Peoples Concerns; and yet we find 'emall Fools when we look into their own?

MERCURN

Alas, Æsculapius, how shou'd it be otherwise? When a Man is told of his Folly, he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it: He only considers whether the Man who tells him of this, be not guilty of some Folly too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we shall find sew who are not, he rests as well satisfy'd in laughing at him, as if he were absolutely free from all fort of Folly himself.

Æ S C U:

ASCULAPIUS.

well old Gentlewoman! What is it you have to fay against that Young Man?

Old Woman.

An't please you Sir, this Young Man is my Husband. He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other Woman. Now I appeal to you Sir, and to all the World, whether it be not a very great Folly, for a Man to tye himself during Life to a Woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes without doubt is it. Mercury put 'em both up.

Old Woman.

An't please you Sir 'tis I who make the Complaint.

ASCULAPIUS.

Very good, Mistress. And if it be a Folly in him to Marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not a Folly in you to Marry a Man without knowing first whether he lov'd you or no?

MERCURT.

Here are several other Wives who complain of their Husbands, and Husbands who complain of their Wives.

A SCU-

ASCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther Deliberation. For the People may be allow'd to be as critical in their Choice as they please before Marriage, yet when that is once done 'tis a great Folly to complain.

MERGURE

Here are a vast Quantity more of both Men and Women, brought upon account of their Marriage.

ASCULAPIUS.

It were an endless Work to hear of every one who play d the Fool in Marriage. To fave time therefore we will put up all the Marry'd People at a venture; and if there be any one who can give us fatisfactory Reafons, to prove that he did not play the Fool in it, we will let him out again.

360 Jan as or Husband by la said a saco

I committed any Folly in Marrying. A SCULAPIUS.

How Friend, Marry and commit no Folly! What Wife have you, pray?

One who has Wit, Beauty, Vertue, Rich? es, and is of a very confiderable Family.

A. S. C. U. L. A. P. I. U. S.

It is very much to be suspected that thou art guilty of Folly in having this Opinion of

of her. A Woman with Wit and Beauty, Marry an odd disagreeable Fellow, and not cuckold him! However Friend, if it be for you may go away, but be fure you fend your Wife in your Place.

. Husband. West and

Do you reckon it a Folly then in a Woman hot to Cuckold her Husband

No, Friend, we do not tell you so. But when a Woman who finds by her Constitution that she shall make any Husband a Cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that Purpose, there are some wicked People who think she does as wisely as a Woman in her Circumstances could. But when a Woman marries a Man who is she for no other use than to make a Cuckold of, without a Design of putting him to any use, that that Woman commits a Folly, there was deuer any one yet could doubt.

MERCURT.

But see what vast Crowds are waiting for Audience; and with how much eagerness are they set upon discovering the Follies of one another. It is impossible for us to hear all the particular Follies of which particular Men are guilty. It seems to me therefore by very much the easiest way, to pick out the Wise Men sirst, and when we have done

done that, we may apply general Medicines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their particular Distempers. Make Proclamation therefore Mercury, that People may no longer trouble themselves with bringing the Fools of their Acquaintance, but henceforward let them bring none but the Wife Men.

MERCURIE TO LONVI

Alas Æsculapius L Art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? Believe me, if we stay here till one Man accuses another of being Wise, we may stay till the End of the World. No, Æsculapius, no In searching the Follies of Mankind, it was necessary to have an account of them from others and not from themselve: But if you would search for Wise Men, you must not ask Men's Opinion of one another, but take what severy Man thinks of himself.

TESCULAR IUS gisb o la

mours of Mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURTIONS WAS

O Yes! Let all those that are Wise range themselves upon the Right Hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

-U D. & B. char's Moret of Da Sillato's to-Day

BOW ES QULAPIUS. and and

What is the meaning of this? Every Man places himself on the Right Side, but one; and they jostle one another for Room with the greatest Violence imaginable! Here you Sir, What are you prey, who appear so considertly in the very Head of the Wife? Poet.

Who I Sir & I am a Poet.

TO TOO A SOULAPIUS

Well and pray Mr. Poet, what Pretence have you to place your felf to confidently before all the rest

Can Affeulapies know I am a Poet, and ask that Question is As much as a Man is above a Beast, so much is a Poet above another Man. This we who converse with the Gods and despite the rest of Mankind. Tis we who elevate our selves above the Transitory Things that the Vulgar are fond of; who despite Riches, Glory and Honour, and seek for nothing that Fame and Immortality of the Transit of the Poets of the Poets of the Poets of the Transit self-can be and Immortality of the Transit of the Poets of

When Conquering Death shall ravish from (their Eyes, Those Tristing Glories that the Vulgar prize: When Crowns shall fall; when Empires shall (be lost;

And all that's Mortal be dissolv'd to Dust, Then Then shall I live Immortal in my Fame, And Future Ages shall extol my Name.

Statesman.

I think there is no great need of convincing Æsculapius, how little that Man deserves the Title of Wise, fince he himself has been pleas'd to prove it sufficiently already. I will not fay any thing to the Man himself, or enquire what Pretences he has to the Title of a Poet; but taking it for granted that he is as good a one as he fancies him felf, yet can any thing be fo ridiculous as the very Defign he proposes? He does not pretend that Poetry makes People happy in this World, because we very plainly see the contrary; but he pleases himself with a vain Reversion of imaginary Honours that he is never to enjoy till he himself is insensible of them. It will be a very great fatisfaction doubtless to a Man when he is in the Grave, to think his Verses run as smoothly as ever; and one must be an Infidel to doubt but that the Author of a fine Poem will be extreamly confider'd in the other World.

I do not say this out of any malice to the Profession of a Poet, nor would I pretend to take the Title of Wise from them, tho' they do not deserve it, but in order to shew you those who do. Do you ask me then who it is

(b)

that deserves the Title of a Wife Man? Whom should I answer, but him who knows how to govern the State. If particular Persons of a Community think they have any Title to Wildom, how much more must they allow that Title to those who are capable of governing the Community? Tis they certainly who can move Assemblies. who can advise Kings, who can govern Common-wealths, that deserve the Title of the Wife, How confiderable a Figure does fuch a Man make in a Government? How much is he follow'd and carefs'd ? What Advantages does he get to himfelf and Family? And how much is he flatter'd and ador'd by these very Poets who wou'd vainly arrogate the Title of Wife to themfelves ?

STOICK.

Tho by my Profession I am one of those that do not much trouble themselves with the Trisiles of the World, yet I cannot, I confess, be pleas'd to see People take a Title to themselves, to which they have not the least Pretence. I might observe here, that considering how Kings are for the most part advis'd, and Common-Wealths govern'd, a Man has no great Reason to boast of his having a hand in either. But I shall wave all that as to particular, and speak to the Employment

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the

of a Statesman in general. Is there then any Thing fo ridiculous as for a Man to propofe the making himself Great, as the End of all his Actions ? The only End a Wife Man propofes, is the making himfelf happy; how Ridiculous then must he appear, who makes himself Milerable, in order to make himself Great? Who seeks the Contempt of the Wife, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? Who leads a falle diffembling Life; fawning upon those who treat him Infolently; and treating those Insolently who Fawn upon him? Who Values himself upon the bearing other People's Burthens, for which the only Thanks he gets, is Envy, or Contempt: Envy if he succeed, and Contempt if he fail. Shou'd a Man, who came late to an Inn, instead of taking the Rest that was requisite to refresh him for the next Day's Journey, enter into Cabals, form Deligns, and manage Intrigues to get the best Room in the House, which would make him very uneary if he fail'd of it; and from which, tho' he succeeded, he must necessarily depart the next Morning; wou'd not fuch a one appear ridiculoufly Foolish, and contemptible? And when we fee a Man in a World from which he must necessarily depart in a very fhort Space of Time, instead of preparing (b2) himfelf

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himself for what is to follow, waste all that little Time in senseless Cabals, in pain Defigns, and in Chimerical Intrigues, to make himself Great and Powerful; which, if he does not accain, it makes him oneasy; and which, if he do, he must leave immediately again: Is not this Man ten Times more Ridiculous, and more Foolish than the other? The Man who by his Folly lofes his Reft one Night, will without doubt grow wifer, and take a double share of it the next: But, alas! In the other Cafe, it is quite different; there is no fecond Opportunity of correcting the first; and he who has spent one Life Foolishly; will never be trusted with another to employ better.

ÆCULAPIUS.

Wisely urg'd, O Incomparable Stoick! The Folly of this fort of Men is very palpable; and you certainly, who can so sagely find out their Infirmities, can easily discover to us the Men who are subject to no Infirmities at all.

STOICE OF THE LAND

tis among us, and only us, that you must expect to find a real Wise Man. And our Leaders have taught us, upon a due Consideration of the World, to pronounce all Men Mad besides. 'Tis true, their Extravagance does

does not appear, perhaps to the Vulgar; but as in a Mad-Houle, one of the Patients does not perceive that Madness in his Companion, which is prefently found out by a Sober Stander-by : So in this universal Madness that possesses the World in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first fight apparent to the Eyes of the Sage. Do you ask me then, who is this Wife Man that I have mention'd? 'Tis he who places not his Felicity in his Beauty, his Wealth, or his Learning; who defires no Pleasure, who fears no Pain. Whom the Frowns of Fortune cannot deject, nor her Smiles exalt: Who is Happy in Prisons, in Banishments, in Torments? Who, if he were broiling in Phalaris's Bull, wou'd cry out, How Pleafant is this! It matters not how many Arrows Fortune aims at him, fince he is impenetrable to 'em all. As there are some Stones so hard, that the Iron cannot Touch: As Diamonds can neither be cut, nor broken, but refist the strongest Force: As Rocks in the Sea break the Fury of the Waves; and beaten upon for fo many Ages, retain no marks of its Rage: So is the Soul of a Wife Man, folid and firm; and has collected fo much Strength, that it remains as fafe from all Injuries, as any of the Things I mention'd. But what will you (b3) fay;

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fay; is there no one then who will attempt the Injuring to Wife Man & Yes, they will attempt lit, but they cannot perform it : He is elevated for much above the Vulgar, that done of their Ill Defigns can arrive at him. When that foolish King darken'd the Day with his Arrows, there was not one of them that reached the Sun; when the Chains were cast into the Sea they cou'd not bind the Waves ; and those who destroy the Temples do no Injury to the Divinity. In like manner, whatever is done Proudly, Maliciously, or Infolently, against a Wife Man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in point of Time) is attempted in vain.

ASCULAPIUS.

Oh Sage! Oh Wonderful! Oh Incompable Stoick! This, this is a Wife Man indeed! Is it possible that People can continue Slaves to their Follies, when Wisdom proposes such Sublime, such noble Rewards to her Followers? However descend a little from this Upper Region, in which you are plac'd; conform your self to the Weaknesses of others; and convince their Stupidity by living Examples of this high Pitch of Wisdom you have so nobly describ'd to 'em. But what is the Matter with that Man who laughs so ! You there who stand by your self on the

the left fide, while all the rest are gotten upon the right.

well convice of manhage on deed theep Alas, Sir, who can forbear Laughing, to fee Men hope by their Pride and Vanity. to exempt themselves from those Infirmities, to which all Mankind are naturally Subject This Sage, this Wonderful, this Incomparable Stoick, after all his noble and highflown Similies, is neither so hard as a Diamond, fo firm as a Rock, nor so elevated as the Sun. This mighty Man, who wou'd laugh in Phalaris's Bull, yet is liable to Pain and Anguish, as well as the meanest of the People; the most vulgar Weapon shall hurt him; and the most ordinary Strength shall reach him. This Contemplative Person, who has found out the Follies of all Mankind, has one of his own that he does not see, ten times more Extravagant than any of theirs: Since there is no Folly fure so Extravagant, as for one who labours under all the Frailties, and Weaknesses, and Infirmities of Mankind; to think himself in any wife comparable to the Perfection of a God, a third yet as a business.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

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op he Well, Friend, what are you then, who dare accuse the Stoicks of Folly, who accuse all the World beside?

title of Alle William Man reft are gotten

Alas Sir! I am a Fool too, and am fo well convinc'd of it, that you fee I keep by my felf on the Left Side, when all the reft go to the Right; and were I not convine'd my felf, I have given fufficient Reason to convince any one elfe, by troubling my felf with correcting the Follies of others, while I have fo many Follies of my own that are uncorrected full.

between ASCULAPIUS

What are become of all the Wife Men then are there none left?

Pour durit And with a March 22 the meanest

If you take every Man's Opinion of himfelf, never were there fo many; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there to few. Thousand on the transfer state of

ESCULAPIUS.

Are all Men then alike?

Asperts.

vito los ai atodi o Man: segui logio e tolli No! There are some that are call'd Wise. and some that are call'd Fools; not but that the wifelt Man has a fufficient Stock of Folly too. But the best Method I can propose to distinguish Mankind, is by calling those Men wife, who know themselves to be Fools: and those Men Fools who think themselves to be Wife. The hand we all the same

well before white

ESCULAPIUS.

Mercury thou art a swift Messenger; Halle away to Jupiter; inform him of what we have done; and know his further pleasure in the Matter: You may tell him, that upon a full Survey of Mankind it appears, that every one has fuch a fufficient Share of Folly, that he has no reason at all to complain of his Neighbours having more. That in answer to those who think their Folly ob-Arucas their Happiness, it is very plain, that the Happiness of Mankind is so complicated with this Folly, that it is impessible to cure them of the one without endangering the other too. Shou'd we convince the Fool who iquanders away his Money that he might live to want it; should we convince the Fool that heaps up Treasure, that in a little time he must dye and have all his Treasure taken from hims; shou'd we convince the Husband, who places his Happiness in his Wife and Children, that the one Cuckolds him, and the other are none of his : shou'd we convince the Man who does Things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no fense of Fame, or of whatever is faid of him: We shou'd make them all Miserable and Wretched. On the other Side, by taking away their Folly we shou'd take away one of the most useful Qualities

Qualities in the World, fince it is very evident, that Mankind live upon the Follies of one another. Were there not Fools who fell Estares, what wou'd become of the Fools who buy them? Were there not Fools who Marry, Human Kind wou'd come to an end. Were there not Fools of Bulnels, how would the Fools that meddle with no Buliness be manag'd? Were there not Fighting Fools, who wou'd protect the Fools, that wou'd not Fight, from Oppression? And were there not Writing Fools what won'd the Reading Fools do for a Diversion: So that upon the whole Matter Lthink we had e'en as good leave the World as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be formewhat done in this Matter after having made so much Noise about it; the most general Folly in Men being that of hewing Severity to other Peoples Faults, while they neglect those they commit themselves; He may order a folemn Proclamation to be made, That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of other People, till he can bring a Certificate under the Hands of three judicious Neighbours, that he has none at all of his own. We mill in heat and volume

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